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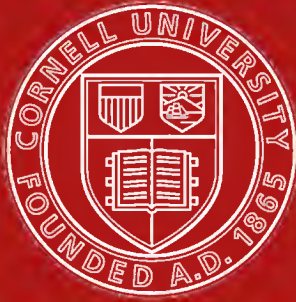
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The complete works of william Shakespear



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**The University Press Shakespeare**



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THE COMPLETE WORKS OF  
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE  
IN FORTY VOLUMES

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*Editor's Autograph Edition*

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EFB, 1921

KING HENRY VI

PART II

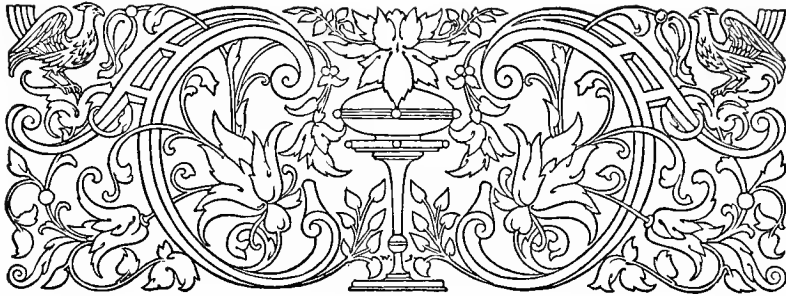
ELEANOR F. BRICKDALE

*QUEEN.* “Yet now farewell; and farewell life  
with thee!”

ACT III, SCENE II, *line 356.*







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THE COMPLETE WORKS OF  
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

WITH ANNOTATIONS AND  
A GENERAL INTRODUCTION  
BY SIDNEY LEE

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VOLUME XVIII

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KING HENRY VI—PART II

WITH A SPECIAL INTRODUCTION BY ADOLPHUS WILLIAM WARD  
AND AN ORIGINAL FRONTISPIECE BY ELEANOR F. BRICKDALE



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NEW YORK    GEORGE D. SPROUL    MCMVII

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## INTRODUCTION



WITH "Part II of Henry VI," to which Part III is in organic union, we enter into a new dramatic atmosphere. This fact, which has always been more or less accepted by the readers of these plays, seems to have impressed itself with fresh force on those who have enjoyed an opportunity of seeing them acted in immediate sequence to Part I. While in Part I there is much to interest the spectator, and while some of its scenes are in themselves decidedly striking, the impression produced by the play as a whole is that of crowding, clamour, and confusion. Part II affects the reader, and seems to have affected the theatrical audience, very differently. It conveys throughout a sense of perfect clearness in the conception and in the management of the dramatic action, which is carried on by groups of personages kept

## THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI

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perfectly distinct from one another. In the long First Act in particular, where several groups or characters are, as it were, each in its turn eliminated, the ground is cleared by a thoroughly perspicuous, if in its method very simple, process. And, as the action proceeds, the spectator is overtaken by no sense of crowding or confusion, as in Part I, and oppressed only by an ever-present consciousness of the lurking hatreds which, like underground fire, lie at the bottom of the tragedy, and ever and again flare up with appalling fury. Withal, incidents of the most startling and direct force — *horrors*, in a word — succeed each other with extraordinary rapidity; and both in this Part and in its successor, which carries on the action almost without a break, the contrasts are so frequent and so vivid as to overpower even a strong capacity for mental assimilation and digestion.

The differences in style between Part I and the two “later” Parts are not less marked. From the first, the ear seems conscious of a roll — unceasing, like that of the sea upon the shore. The rhetoric, though vehement and at times excessive, is very rarely meaningless or absurd.<sup>1</sup> Alliteration is indeed still employed; but it is used with more care and method than it was in Part I; it points the sententious speeches of the King and some of Gloucester’s caustic observations, rather than overcharges them. Rime, too, is more sparingly employed; and, though the trick of repeating words or sounds,

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<sup>1</sup> Perhaps the drowning simile in Queen Margaret’s speech in Act III, sc. ii, of Part II might be held to deserve the latter epithet, though parallels could be found for its application.

## INTRODUCTION

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which was noted in Part I, also occurs in Part II, less frequent resort is on the whole here had to it; a trying play on words (a pun) is, however, on more than one occasion introduced. Classical allusions are as plentiful as ever; and it is as if only when the attention is strung up to the highest pitch, as in the scene of Cardinal Beaufort's death, all tricks of style were left aside.

Before proceeding to examine in more detail the ultimate sources of the successive scenes of Part II, I may at once point out that this play very closely follows the disposition of matter in the old play of the "First Part of the Contention betwixt the Two Famous Houses of Yorke and Lancaster," on which, as has been already seen, it is founded, and the authorship of which will be discussed below.<sup>1</sup> The order of events adopted in the "Contention" is, it may be observed, historically speaking, fairly correct — except that Queen Margaret's marriage (1445) is placed before the downfall of the "Duchess of Gloucester" (1442), in order to admit of the introduction of a personal quarrel between the two women, and that York's first preferment of a claim to the crown is dated as previous to the battle of St. Albans (1455) instead of four or five years later.<sup>2</sup> This

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<sup>1</sup> The precise relations in matter between the First and Second Parts of "Henry VI," and the "Contention" and the "Tragedy of the Duke of Yorke," respectively, are given in Miss Jane Lee's "Table of Shakespere's and Marlowe's Shares in Henry VI," Parts II and III, "New Shakspeare Society's Transactions," 1876, pp. 293-303. Miss Lee notes that Malone's marking of these relations is by no means to be trusted in every case.

<sup>2</sup> He assumed the royal arms in the autumn of 1460; but, as Sir James Ramsay says (*u. s.*, vol. II, p. 213), "it is impossible to entertain any doubt of his intentions from the early part of 1459 onwards."

## THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI

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foreshortening of time is no doubt accountable for the compression into a single personage of the two Earls of Warwick (Beauchamp and Neville), and for a similar unification of two Dukes of Somerset (John de Beaufort, the Somerset of Part I, who died in 1443, and his brother Edmund). It may be added that the banishment of Suffolk and his murder at sea, both of which events belong to the year 1450, are in the play separated from one another by the death of Cardinal Beaufort, which took place in 1447. Cade's rebellion and the Duke of York's arrival from Ireland (1450) follow in the right chronological order.

The "Contention" (as for brevity's sake I shall call "The First Part of the Contention") appears to have been put together from Halle and Grafton, with possibly an occasional insertion from the "Mirror" and Holinshed. The "Second Part of Henry VI," while introducing a few additional details from Fabyan and Holinshed, follows Halle and the "Mirror" with a more assiduous fidelity in their praise of Humphrey of Gloucester and execration of Cardinal Beaufort, and in adopting Halle's view of the Queen as against Fabyan, with whom she remains virtually free from blame. Holinshed, who copied Halle, omitted his effective, though partisan, characterisation.

But, as early as 1549, a year after the publication of Halle's book and a decade before that of the "Mirror," Bishop Latimer, in his "Second Sermon preached before King Edward the Sixth," used as an ensample the story of the wicked Cardinal's murder of the Protector, and of his subornation of the Queen to his nefarious design.



## INTRODUCTION

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The narrative is so typical of the mid-Tudor view of earlier English history that I cannot refrain from quoting it in full; the reference to Beaufort's Hat will not escape notice.

“There was a bishop of Winchester in King Henry the Sixth's days, which King was but a child, and yet there were many good oaths made in his childhood, and I do not read that they were broken. This bishop was a great man born, and did bear such a stroke, that he was able to shoulder the lord Protector. Well, it chanced that the lord Protector and he fell out; and the bishop would bear nothing at all with him, but played me the *satrapa*, so that the regent of France was fain to be sent for from beyond the seas, to set them at one, and go between them: for the bishop was as able and ready to buckle with the lord Protector as he with him.

“Was not this a good prelate? He should have been at home, preaching in his diocese, with a wanniaunt.<sup>1</sup>

“This Protector was so noble and godly a man, that he was called of every man the good Duke Humphrey. He kept such a house as never was kept since in England; without any enhancing of rents, or any such matter. And the bishop, for standing so stiffly by the matter, and bearing up the order of our mother the holy Church, was made a cardinal at Calais; and thither the bishop of Rome sent him a cardinal's hat. He should have had a Tyburn tippet, a half-penny halter, and all

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<sup>1</sup> Cf. “Pericles, Prince of Tyre,” Act II, sc. i: “Come away, or I'll fetch thee, with a wanion.”

## THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI

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such proud prelates. These Romish hats never brought good into England.

“Upon this the bishop goeth me to the Queen Margaret, the king’s wife, a proud woman, and a stout; and persuaded her, that if the duke were in such authority still, and liked, the people would honour him more than they did the king; and the king should not be set by; and so, between them, I cannot tell how it came to pass, but at St. Edmundsbury, in a parliament, the good Duke Humphrey was smothered.”

Latimer’s sermons were, as is known, extremely popular, and they were frequently reprinted before 1590. But his illustrations are never recondite; and it is quite possible that Halle and the Bishop were the first to place on record a current legend which Fabyan, at a much earlier date, had in vain striven to correct. I have little or no doubt that Cardinal Beaufort suffered in reputation for Cardinals Kemp, Morton, and above all Wolsey, quite as much as he suffered on his own account.

It may be added that a number of details, which are not in the “Contention,” but to be found in the “Second Part of Henry VI,” are traceable to the chroniclers. Most of these I give in a note.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Act I, sc. i, l. 109, “Keys of Normandy”: Fabyan. *Ib.* l. 128, “a whole fifteenth”: Halle and Holinshed. Sc. iii, l. 130, “Thy cruelty”: Halle, who refutes the charge. Act II, sc. i, l. 159, “whole towns” (for “dukedom” in “Contention”): Halle and Holinshed (Rouen is in question). Sc. ii. The genealogy is corrected, in all but one mistake, apparently due to the “Mirror.”

## INTRODUCTION

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*Act I.* — The opening scene of Act I of the “Second Part of Henry VI” explains the general position of affairs, and indicates with sufficient correctness the parts played by the several nobles — impressively, though in this instance unhistorically, ending on the note “York.” “The keys of Normandy” (l. 109) is Fabyan’s phrase for Anjou and Maine; but it was Richard de Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, who conquered these. The “plainness” of Warwick (Richard Neville) is taken by the “Contention” from the “Mirror for Magistrates”; Halle and Holinshed more truthfully characterising him as “very subtile.” His “house-keeping” is described by Holinshed, copying Stowe. The “arms of York” (l. 251) seems to repeat the error of Part I; it was the arms of Clarence which the Duke had feared to blazon, using only those of Edmund of York (as is elaborately explained by Stowe, an excellent chronicler, to whom, as observed above, the playwrights do not seem to have had recourse).

An argument (which to me seems quite futile) has been urged against the Shakespearean authorship of this

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Sc. iii, l. 11, “three days” (“two” in “Contention”): Halle and Holinshed. Act IV, sc. ii, l. 31, “cade of herrings” (“sprats” in “Contention”): Halle and Holinshed. *Ib.* l. 64, “all the realm shall be in common”: Halle and Holinshed. *Ib.* ll. 75-6, parchment and seal: Halle. Sc. viii, l. 1, “Saint Magnus’ Corner”: Halle and Holinshed. “Jack Cade the clothier” (Act IV, sc. ii, l. 4) is in the “Contention” “Jack Cade the Diar of Ashford”; and there are some other variations in the two plays as to the description of the insurrectionary leaders. In Act I, sc. ii, l. 29, the “Contention” mentions “the Cardinal of Winchester” instead of “Edmund Duke of Somerset” as the rival whose head Gloucester beholds in his dream.

## THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI

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scene: namely, that the story of Althæa, correctly stated here (ll. 229 *seq.*) is given incorrectly in the "Second Part of Henry IV," Act II, sc. ii.

Scene ii begins the episode of Eleanor Cobham, "Duchess of Gloucester." Her downfall is briefly narrated by Halle and Holinshed, her practices of magic (see sc. iv) finding fuller mention in Fabyan; but all these chroniclers agree in noting that the Duke "took all these things patiently, and said little." The picture of Eleanor's pride and ostentation, amplified in our play from the hints in the "Contention," is derived from the "Mirror," to which the portraits of Eleanor and her husband are mainly due.

The couplet with which the text of this effective scene opens is no doubt singularly academic and unreal; but Eleanor's dream is very effectively introduced, and it is impossible to ignore the suggestion of Macbeth and Lady Macbeth conveyed by the whole scene.

The complicity of Queen Margaret in the plot against Duke Humphrey (sc. iii) is to be found in Halle, who, however, makes Suffolk and Buckingham the chief conspirators, and joins the Archbishop of York (Kemp) with the Cardinal. They, according to him, poisoned the Queen's mind. Holinshed is less severe against her, and Fabyan laments the slanders spread about to her discredit. The "Mirror," of course, accentuates Halle's charges, asserting that it was put into the Queen's mind that her husband ought not to be protected. Gloucester is here made to say that

## INTRODUCTION

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“York, our cousin most unkind,” joined in the plot for his own ends —

“ Keeping close a title to the crown,  
Lancaster’s house did labour to pull down,  
The stay whereof he took to stand in me.”

The “Mirror” adds that the Parliament of Bury was summoned without consulting Duke Humphrey (compare Act II, sc. iv, l. 72), who repaired to it boldly, strong in his good conscience, though frightened by a bad dream.<sup>1</sup>

The rest of the historical narrative incorporated in this scene is from Halle, or Holinshed. They also give briefly the tale of the armourer and his servant.

As to the matter of scene iv, Fabyan is fuller than either Halle or Holinshed, and Hume, the twice-paid medium, is mentioned by him. According to the “Mirror,” Eleanor’s design was to divine the King’s destiny — nothing further; but “Caiaphas our Cardinal” discovered her purpose.

*Act II.* — The story of Simpcox, which is introduced in scene i, for no purpose dramatically justifiable, was found by the author or authors of the “Contention” in Grafton only. He says that he found it in Sir Thomas More’s “Dialogue of Heresies.”<sup>2</sup> Here, the man who was the subject of the “miracle”

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<sup>1</sup> The anonymous “Chronicle of London” (Vitellius A XVI) says of Gloucester: “how he dyde or in what maner the certaynte is unknowen, but only to god.” In this “Chronicle” there is no suggestion of foul play on the part of Cardinal Beaufort, or Suffolk, or any other known individual. (See Kingsford’s “Chronicles of London,” already cited, p. 157.)

<sup>2</sup> “Dialogue concerning heresies and matters of religion” (1528).

## THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI

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is not said to have been lame, or the King to have been present at the operation; and the whipping of the impostor over the stool is omitted. Otherwise, however, the delectable anecdote as related by Sir Thomas More furnishes a closer parallel to the scene in the play (which is responsible for Simpcox's name) than Grafton's version. I have therefore cited it in a note.<sup>1</sup>

The prophecy of Somerset's danger from a castle is both in Halle and in the "Mirror."

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<sup>1</sup> The Workes of Sir Thomas More, London, 1557, pp. 234 *seq.*: "As I remember me that I have hard my father tell of a begger, that in Kyng Henry his daies the sixt, came with his wife to saint Albonis. And there was walking about the towne begging a fiue or six dayes before the Kings comynge thither, saienge y<sup>t</sup> he was borne blinde, and neuer sawe in hys lyfe. And was warned in hys dreame, that he shoulde come out of Berwyke, where he said he had ever dwelled, to seke saynt Albon, and that he had been at his shryue, and had not been holpen. And therefore he woulde go seke hym at some other place; for he had hard some say sius he came y<sup>t</sup> Saint Albonys body shold be at Colon, and indede such a contencion hath ther ben. But of troth, as I am surely informed, he lieth here at Saint Albonis, sauing some reliques of him, which thei there shew shrined. But to tell you forth, whan the King was comen, and the town fill, sodaynlye thys blind man at Saint Albonis shrine had his sight agayne, and a myracle solemply rongen, and *te deum* songen, so that nothyng was talked of in al the towne, but this myracle. So happened it then, that duke Humphrey of Glocester a great wyse man and very wel lerned, hauing great Joy to such a myracle, called y<sup>e</sup> pore man unto hym. And first shewing himself Joyouse of goddes glory so shewed in the getting of his sight, and exortinge hym to mekeness, and to none ascribing of any part the worship to him self nor to be prowde of the peoples prayse, which would call him a good and godly man thereby, At last he looked well upon his eyen, and asked whyther he could neuer see nothing at al, in al hys life before. And when as well his wyfe as him self affermed fastely no, then he loked advisedly upon his cien again, and said, I beleve you very wel, for me thinketh that ye cannot se well yet. Yes, saith he, I thanke god and his holy marter, I can se nowe as well as any man. Ye can? quoth the Duke; what colour is my gowne? Then anone the begger tolde him. What colour, quoth he, is this man's gowne?"

## INTRODUCTION

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The King's religious ejaculations in this scene are, nearly all of them, additions to the text of the "Contention."

The genealogy in scene ii is a corrected version of that in the "Contention," which is wildly erroneous; but there still remains a confusion (ll. 38-42), due to the "Mirror," of Edmund with Sir Roger Mortimer. Both Halle and Holinshed name Salisbury and Warwick among the friends to whom Richard of York "privately declared his right and title to the crown."

The sequel of the story of the armourer and his man, introduced into scene iii for the sake of the groundlings, is again from Halle or Holinshed, who, however, say that the armourer was guiltless and that his servant was hanged at Tyburn. Peter's puritanical phraseology should be noticed.

The details of Eleanor's penance, so forcibly reproduced in scene iv by a dramatist who saw into the depths of human nature,<sup>1</sup> are taken exactly from Halle or Holinshed, including the three days' correction (scene iii). But Gloucester's protectorship had already

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He told him also; and so forth, without any sticking, he told him the names of al the colours that coulde bee shewed him. And whan my lord saw y<sup>s</sup>, he bad him walke faytoure, and made him be set openly in the stockes. For, though he could have sene soudenly by miracle y<sup>e</sup> difference betwene diuers colours, yet could he not by the syght so sodenly tell the names of all these colours, but if he had knowen them before, no more than the names of al the men y<sup>t</sup> he should sodenly se. . . . And as that noble duke Humfrey wisely found out the falshed of that blison begger . . ."

<sup>1</sup> "Come you, my Lord, to see my open shame?  
Now thou dost penance too. Look, how they gaze!

Mail'd up in shame, with papers on my back . . ."

## THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI

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come to an end three years sooner, on Henry's coronation. Scene iv generally follows the "Contention," except for additions to the speeches, in particular ll. 58-63 and 67-69, suggested by Halle's descanting (this is not copied by Holinshed) on Duke Humphrey's virtuous confidence in his own uprightness and impartial justice.

It is worth while to look rather closely into the process of the construction of Act III, which is dramatically powerful in both design and execution. It treats of the doom of Humphrey Duke of Gloucester, and of the Nemesis which it drew down upon those who shared the guilt of it — above all upon the terrible Cardinal. And, throughout, the faith of the simple-minded King in his uncle's innocence pathetically remains unshaken.

Though the outline of scene i of this Act comes from the "Contention," long additions are made to Queen Margaret's speeches, especially ll. 18-35, 75-81 and 223-230; and the immediate guilt of the murder is fixed on the Cardinal (ll. 172-177, 235-237, 273-277, 323-325); in other respects, the identical words of the "Contention" are merely rearranged (with such vivid alterations as those of ll. 53, 55, 182, 188, 189), and the alliteration is introduced which usually in this play marks Gloucester's speeches and the scenes in which he appears. Similarly, the speeches of York have received additions of finer expressions. The elaborate description of Cade, towards the close of the scene, appears to be an invention.

In scene ii, which fixes the immediate guilt of the



## INTRODUCTION

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murder of Suffolk, the murderers and the prompt remorse of one of them (this latter a frequent Shakespearean touch) are additions to the "Contention," as well as nearly the whole of Margaret's speeches, with their inflated invective, before the entrance of Warwick, of which the old play contains only a few suggestive lines. The hypocritical words of Beaufort (ll. 31-32) are likewise new. Though the scene includes some fine bursts, together with the grandest of the many proverbial or quasi-proverbial utterances in this play,<sup>1</sup> and though "Macbeth" once more inevitably rises to the mind, I am bound to confess that the scene, impressive as it is, does not appear to me Shakespearean to a convincing degree.

The "Mirror" hints that the Duke was suffocated, but that the people imagined him to have died a natural death (as Stowe asserts was actually the case).<sup>2</sup> The popular riot would seem to be an invention of the authors of the "Contention." All the chroniclers speak of Suffolk's unpopularity; King Henry banished him, says Halle, "as the abhorred toad and common nuisance of the realm." Halle, followed by Holinshed, further says that the Queen's and Suffolk's oppression of the poor caused violent popular accusation of him, "the Queen's darling." The Queen, again, is declared to have

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<sup>1</sup> "What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted?  
Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just."

The whole of this speech of the King's is an addition to the "Contention."

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Ramsay, *u. s.*, vol. II, p. 76: The charge of actual murder, with incidents borrowed from the cases of Edward II and Thomas of Woodstock, seems an embellishment due to popular imagination.

## THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI

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“entirely loved the Duke”; but there is no suggestion of any scandal between them.

In scene iii, as noticed above, the Cardinal is depicted as he had been blackened by Halle (copied by Grafton) and the “Mirror.” When the Cardinal lay dying (so, on the authority of his chaplain, Dr. Baker, we read in Halle), he cried: “Why should I die, having so much riches? If the whole realm would save my life, I am able either by policy or by riches to get it. Fie, will not death be hired, nor will money do nothing?” etc. . . . Since, in the opinion of Mr. Fleay, “not even in Shakespeare is there a death-scene equal to this”—a view, which, in conjunction with the fact of the last scene in “Doctor Faustus,” no doubt contributed to the critic’s notion that the Beaufort scene was Marlowe’s work—it should be noticed that the corresponding scene in the “Contention,” though carefully elaborated in the “Henry VI” version, is essentially identical with it.

*Act IV.*—The death of Suffolk, with which scene i is concerned, is but briefly told by Halle and Holinshed; and the details, all of which, including Suffolk’s claim to “the honourable blood of Lancaster,” are to be found in the “Contention,” seem to be due to its authors. Although a democratic touch is perceptible in this scene, which as it were helps to introduce the ensuing Cade scenes, the cause of Suffolk’s doom is indicated as having been the discontent excited by his failure in France. The rhetoric of this scene is curiously extravagant; but the gloomy note of scenery

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conveyed in the opening lines must be allowed to reveal a true poetic instinct.

The famous Cade scenes (ii-x) keep, all of them, remarkably close to Halle and Holinshed, and nearly the whole of the matter is in the "Contention"—down to the odd blunder, in scene ii, of parchment being made out of lambskin. Cade's advance from Southwark (July 2, 1450) and the fight which on the following day took place on London Bridge, with the death of Matthew Gough; Cade's striking of London Stone, and his riding "in every street like a lordly captain";<sup>1</sup> even St. Magnus' Corner—are all on record. Halle says that Scales was left to defend the town, when King Henry fled to Kenilworth, and mentions the embassy of Buckingham (before the flight), the pardon proffered by Archbishop Kemp, and the proclaimed reward of 1000 marks for the rebel's head. Holinshed, copying Fabyan, adds that Cade donned Sir Humphrey Stafford's brigandine, full of gilt nails. The Savoy (scene vii, l. 1) is not mentioned in the chronicles; it is possibly a reminiscence of Wat Tyler. Sir James Fenys, created Lord Say in 1447 and appointed Lord Treasurer in 1449, was very unpopular in Kent; Holinshed says that King Henry sent him to the Tower. The "Contention," like the "Second Part of Henry VI," makes him refuse to fly, confiding in his own innocence;

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<sup>1</sup> "The Captaine of the Commons," as, according to Stowe, he called himself, in his formal demand that "all the extortions used daily among the common people might be laid down, that is to say, the greene Waxe" (cf. Act IV, scene ii), "which is falsely used, to the perpetual destruction of the King's true commons of Kent."

## THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI

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the additional touch of self-sacrifice is only in the later play (scene iv, l. 45).

It is curious that, in scene viii, Cade should use the same simile of the feather as illustrating the untrustworthiness of his followers, which King Henry VI applies to the common people in a pathetic passage of Part III (Act III, sc. ii).

When we reach scene x, it is not easy to understand the object of the character of Iden as slightly elaborated in our play from the Eyden of the "Contention." If he was a philosopher contented with his lot (and garden), why should he so exult in having made an end of Cade? <sup>1</sup>

*Act V.* — The return of York (sc. i), seeking "to pick a quarrel with the Duke of Somerset, which ruled the King, ordered the realm, and most might do with the queen," is represented in strict accordance with Halle. He puts together York's return from Ireland (1450) and his attempt to compel the dismissal of Somerset (1452); and, omitting mention of the first protectorate in 1453, he combines in one action the imprisonment of Somerset (1453) and Henry's release of him (1455), which provoked the battle of St. Albans. Holinshed, though somewhat vague, is more accurate. York, says Halle, nourished a personal grudge for the loss of Rouen, and "never left persecuting of the Duke of Somerset till he had brought him to his fatal point."

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<sup>1</sup> The real Alexander Eden, the new sheriff of Kent, appears to have ridden after Cade, and captured him at the roadside near Heathfield, where a monument marks the place of the rebel's arrest, and where the road is still known as Cade Street. Ramsay, vol. II, p. 132, *note*.

## INTRODUCTION

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That Buckingham was Henry's messenger is stated by Holinshed. Ll. 144 and 202 attribute, as usual, the Beauchamp badge of the bear and ragged staff to the Nevilles. The age of Salisbury, as well as the participation in this stage of the conflict of York's sons, who were at the time infants, must be set down to the inventive powers of the authors of the "Contention;" but Somerset's death beneath the sign of the Castle, as fulfilling a prophecy (sc. iii), is to be found in Halle and Holinshed.

A. W. WARD.



**THE SECOND PART OF  
KING HENRY VI**

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ<sup>1</sup>

KING HENRY the Sixth.  
HUMPHREY, Duke of Gloucester, his uncle.  
CARDINAL BEAUFORT, Bishop of Winchester, great-uncle to the King.  
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, Duke of York.  
EDWARD and RICHARD, his sons.  
DUKE OF SOMERSET.  
DUKE OF SUFFOLK.  
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.  
LORD CLIFFORD.  
Young CLIFFORD, his son.  
EARL OF SALISBURY.  
EARL OF WARWICK.  
LORD SCALES.  
LORD SAY.  
SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD, and WILLIAM STAFFORD, his brother.  
SIR JOHN STANLEY.  
VAUX.  
MATTHEW GOFFE.  
A Sea-captain, Master, and Master's-Mate, and WALTER WHITMORE.  
Two Gentlemen, prisoners with Suffolk.  
JOHN HUME and JOHN SOUTHWELL, priests.  
BOLINGBROKE, a conjurer.  
THOMAS HORNER, an armourer. PETER, his man.  
Clerk of Chatham. Mayor of Saint Alban's.  
SIMPCOX, an impostor.  
ALEXANDER IDEN, a Kentish gentleman.  
JACK CADE, a rebel.  
GEORGE BEVIS, JOHN HOLLAND, DICK the butcher, SMITH the weaver,  
MICHAEL, &c., followers of Cade.  
Two Murderers.

MARGARET, Queen to King Henry.  
ELEANOR, Duchess of Gloucester.  
MARGARET JOURDAIN, a witch.  
Wife to Simpcox.

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants, Petitioners, Aldermen, a Herald, a Beadle,  
Sheriff, and Officers, Citizens, 'Prentices, Falconers, Guards, Soldiers,  
Messengers, &c.

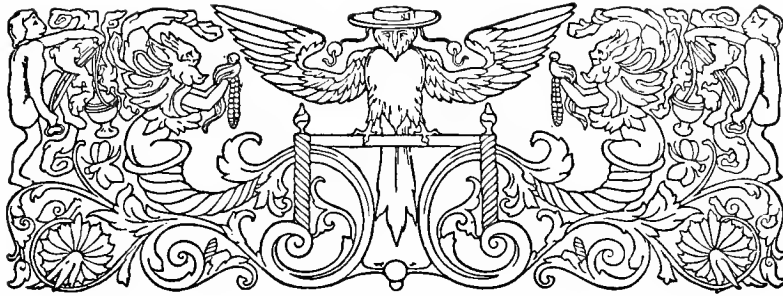
A Spirit

SCENE: *England*

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<sup>1</sup> This play was first printed in its present shape in the First Folio of 1623. A first draft appeared under the title of *The First Part of The Contention of the Two Famous Houses of Yorke & Lancaster* in quarto in 1594, and was reprinted in 1600 and 1619. Beyond the heading at the beginning of the Folio "Actus Primus—Scena Prima," the early editions indicate no divisions of Act or Scene; these were first supplied by Nicholas Rowe in 1709. Rowe also introduced for the first time a list of "dramatis personæ."





ACT FIRST — SCENE I — LONDON

THE PALACE

*Flourish of trumpets: then hautboys. Enter, THE KING, HUMPHREY, Duke of Gloucester, SALISBURY, WARWICK, and CARDINAL BEAUFORT, on the one side; THE QUEEN, SUFFOLK, YORK, SOMERSET, and BUCKINGHAM, on the other*

SUFFOLK



S BY YOUR HIGH IMPERIAL majesty  
I had in charge at my depart for  
France,  
As procurator to your excellence,  
To marry Princess Margaret for  
your grace,  
So, in the famous ancient city  
Tours,  
In presence of the Kings of  
France and Sicil,  
The Dukes of Orleans, Calaber,  
Bretagne and Alençon,

Seven earls, twelve barons, and twenty reverend bishops,  
I have perform'd my task and was espoused:  
And humbly now upon my bended knee,

10



Such is the fulness of my heart's content.

Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

ALL [*kneeling*]. Long live Queen Margaret, England's  
happiness!

QUEEN. We thank you all. [*Flourish.*]

SUFF. My lord protector, so it please your grace,  
Here are the articles of contracted peace 40  
Between our sovereign and the French king Charles,  
For eighteen months concluded by consent.

GLOU. [*Reads*] "Imprimis, It is agreed between the French king Charles and William de la Pole, Marquess of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry King of England, that the said Henry shall espouse the Lady Margaret, daughter unto Reignier King of Naples, Sicilia and Jerusalem, and crown her Queen of England ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing. Item, that the duchy of Anjou and the county of Maine shall be released and delivered to the king her father —"  
[*Lets the paper fall.*]

KING. Uncle, how now!

GLOU. Pardon me, gracious lord; 50  
Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the heart,  
And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no further.

KING. Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.

CAR. [*Reads*] "Item, It is further agreed between them, that the duchies of Anjou and Maine shall be released and delivered over to the king her father, and she sent over of the King of England's own proper cost and charges, without having any dowry."

---

54-56 *Item . . . her father*] The Cardinal makes the text of the opening words of this clause differ slightly from the form in which they had already been read out by Gloucester. The discrepancy is not of a kind which could be accounted for by Gloucester's failure of vision, and is probably a mere oversight on the dramatist's part. For a similar discrepancy cf. I, iv, 64, *infra*.

KING. They please us well. Lord marquess, kneel  
down:

We here create thee the first duke of Suffolk,  
And gird thee with the sword. Cousin of York, 60  
We here discharge your grace from being regent  
I' the parts of France, till term of eighteen months  
Be full expired. Thanks, uncle Winchester,  
Gloucester, York, Buckingham, Somerset,  
Salisbury, and Warwick;  
We thank you all for this great favour done,  
In entertainment to my princely queen.  
Come, let us in, and with all speed provide  
To see her coronation be perform'd.

*[Exeunt King, Queen, and Suffolk.]*

GLOU. Brave peers of England, pillars of the  
state, 70

To you Duke Humphrey must unload his grief,  
Your grief, the common grief of all the land.  
What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,  
His valour, coin, and people, in the wars?  
Did he so often lodge in open field,  
In winter's cold and summer's parching heat,  
To conquer France, his true inheritance?  
And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,  
To keep by policy what Henry got?  
Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham, 80  
Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,  
Received deep scars in France and Normandy?  
Or hath mine uncle Beaufort and myself,  
With all the learned council of the realm,

Studied so long, sat in the council-house  
 Early and late, debating to and fro  
 How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe,  
 And had his highness in his infancy  
 Crowned in Paris in despite of foes?  
 And shall these labours and these honours die? 90  
 Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,  
 Your deeds of war and all our counsel die?  
 O peers of England, shameful is this league!  
 Fatal this marriage, cancelling your fame,  
 Blotting your names from books of memory,  
 Razing the characters of your renown,  
 Defacing monuments of conquer'd France,  
 Undoing all, as all had never been!

CAR. Nephew, what means this passionate discourse,  
 This peroration with such circumstance? 100  
 For France, 't is ours; and we will keep it still.

GLOU. Ay, uncle, we will keep it, if we can;  
 But now it is impossible we should:  
 Suffolk, the new-made duke that rules the roast,  
 Hath given the duchy of Anjou and Maine  
 Unto the poor King Reignier, whose large style  
 Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.

SAL. Now, by the death of Him that died for all,

88 *had*] This is Grant White's emendation of the Folio *hath*. Rowe proposed *was*. Other editors keep *hath* and insert *Been* before *Crowned* in the next line.

96 *characters*] the written records.

97 *monuments . . . France*] the memorials of the conquest of France.

100 *circumstance*] circumstantial detail.

These counties were the keys of Normandy.  
 But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son? 110

WAR. For grief that they are past recovery:  
 For, were there hope to conquer them again,  
 My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.  
 Anjou and Maine! myself did win them both;  
 Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer:  
 And are the cities, that I got with wounds,  
 Deliver'd up again with peaceful words?  
 Mort Dieu!

YORK. For Suffolk's duke, may he be suffocate,  
 That dims the honour of this warlike isle! 120  
 France should have torn and rent my very heart,  
 Before I would have yielded to this league.  
 I never read but England's kings have had  
 Large sums of gold and dowries with their wives;  
 And our King Henry gives away his own,  
 To match with her that brings no vantages.

GLOU. A proper jest, and never heard before,  
 That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth  
 For costs and charges in transporting her!

110 *Warwick, my valiant son*] Richard Nevill, Earl of Warwick, the kingmaker, who first makes his appearance in this play. He is to be distinguished from Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, his father-in-law, who figures in the First Part of *Hen. VI*. Some of the achievements of the Beauchamp Earl are erroneously put in this scene to the credit of Nevill, the kingmaker Earl of Warwick, who was only a boy when Anjou and Maine were conquered.

128 *a whole fifteenth*] a tax of a fifteenth part of a subject's personal property. Cf. IV, vii, 20, *infra*. In *1 Hen. VI*, V, v, 93, Suffolk was promised a tenth; but history allots him only a fifteenth.

She should have stay'd in France and starved in France,  
Before — 131

CAR. My lord of Gloucester, now ye grow too hot:  
It was the pleasure of my lord the king.

GLOU. My lord of Winchester, I know your mind;  
'T is not my speeches that you do mislike,  
But 't is my presence that doth trouble ye.  
Rancour will out: proud prelate, in thy face  
I see thy fury: if I longer stay,  
We shall begin our ancient bickerings.

Lordings, farewell; and say, when I am gone, 140  
I prophesied France will be lost ere long. [Exit.

CAR. So, there goes our protector in a rage.  
'T is known to you he is mine enemy,  
Nay, more, an enemy unto you all,  
And no great friend, I fear me, to the king.  
Consider, lords, he is the next of blood,  
And heir apparent to the English crown:  
Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,  
And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,  
There's reason he should be displeas'd at it. 150  
Look to it, lords; let not his smoothing words  
Bewitch your hearts; be wise and circumspect.  
What though the common people favour him,  
Calling him "Humphrey, the good Duke of Gloucester,"  
Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice,  
"Jesu maintain your royal excellence!"

151 *smoothing*] cajoling, flattering. Cf. II, i, 22: "That *smooth*'st it so  
with king."

With "God preserve the good Duke Humphrey!"  
 I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,  
 He will be found a dangerous protector.

BUCK. Why should he, then, protect our sovereign,  
 He being of age to govern of himself? 161  
 Cousin of Somerset, join you with me,  
 And all together, with the Duke of Suffolk,  
 We'll quickly hoise Duke Humphrey from his seat.

CAR. This weighty business will not brook delay;  
 I'll to the Duke of Suffolk presently. *[Exit.]*

SOM. Cousin of Buckingham, though Humphrey's  
 pride

And greatness of his place be grief to us,  
 Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal:  
 His insolence is more intolerable 170  
 Than all the princes in the land beside:  
 If Gloucester be displaced, he'll be protector.

BUCK. Or thou or I, Somerset, will be protector,  
 Despite Duke Humphrey or the cardinal.

*[Exeunt Buckingham and Somerset.]*

SAL. Pride went before, ambition follows him.  
 While these do labour for their own preferment,  
 Behoves it us to labour for the realm.  
 I never saw but Humphrey Duke of Gloucester  
 Did bear him like a noble gentleman.  
 Oft have I seen the haughty cardinal, 180  
 More like a soldier than a man o' the church,

158 *gloss*] blandishment.

175 *Pride . . . follows him*] Cf. *Proverbs* xvi, 18: "Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall."



As stout and proud as he were lord of all,  
 Swear like a ruffian, and demean himself  
 Unlike the ruler of a commonweal.  
 Warwick, my son, the comfort of my age,  
 Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy housekeeping,  
 Hath won the greatest favour of the commons,  
 Excepting none but good Duke Humphrey:  
 And, brother York, thy acts in Ireland,  
 In bringing them to civil discipline, 190  
 Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,  
 When thou wert regent for our sovereign,  
 Have made thee fear'd and honour'd of the people:  
 Join we together, for the public good,  
 In what we can, to bridle and suppress  
 The pride of Suffolk and the cardinal,  
 With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition;  
 And, as we may, cherish Duke Humphrey's deeds,  
 While they do tend the profit of the land.  
 WAR. So God help Warwick, as he loves the land, 200  
 And common profit of his country!  
 YORK. [*Aside*] And so says York, for he hath greatest  
 cause.  
 SAL. Then let's make haste away, and look unto the main.  
 WAR. Unto the main! O father, Maine is lost;

186 *housekeeping*] hospitality.

189 *brother York . . . Ireland*] The Duke of York was the speaker's brother-in-law; the Duke married Salisbury's sister. The Duke of York's acts in Ireland are antedated. He did not go thither till 1449, four years after the events of this scene.

203 *the main*] the main chance, as explained at line 207.

THE SECOND PART OF ACT I

---

That Maine which by main force Warwick did win,  
 And would have kept so long as breath did last!  
 Main chance, father, you meant; but I meant Maine,  
 Which I will win from France, or else be slain.

*[Exeunt Warwick and Salisbury.]*

YORK. Anjou and Maine are given to the French;  
 Paris is lost; the state of Normandy 210  
 Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone:  
 Suffolk concluded on the articles,  
 The peers agreed, and Henry was well pleased  
 To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.  
 I cannot blame them all: what is't to them?  
 'T is thine they give away, and not their own.  
 Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their pillage,  
 And purchase friends and give to courtezans,  
 Still revelling like lords till all be gone;  
 While as the silly owner of the goods 220  
 Weeps over them and wrings his hapless hands,  
 And shakes his head and trembling stands aloof,  
 While all is shared and all is borne away,  
 Ready to starve and dare not touch his own:  
 So York must sit and fret and bite his tongue,  
 While his own lands are bargain'd for and sold.  
 Methinks the realms of England, France and Ireland  
 Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood

---

211 *on a tickle point*] in tottering, unsteady condition.

216 *thine*] York is addressing himself. Cf. 225-226, *infra*.

220 *While as*] While. The archaic enclitic "as" is attached to "while" nowhere else in Shakespeare, though often found after "where" and "when." Cf. *Where as*, I, ii, 58, *infra*.

As did the fatal brand Althæa burn'd  
 Unto the prince's heart of Calydon. 230  
 Anjou and Maine both given unto the French!  
 Cold news for me, for I had hope of France,  
 Even as I have of fertile England's soil.  
 A day will come when York shall claim his own;  
 And therefore I will take the Nevils' parts  
 And make a show of love to proud Duke Humphrey,  
 And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown,  
 For that's the golden mark I seek to hit:  
 Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,  
 Nor hold the sceptre in his childish fist, 240  
 Nor wear the diadem upon his head,  
 Whose church-like humours fits not for a crown.  
 Then, York, be still awhile, till time do serve:  
 Watch thou and wake when others be asleep,  
 To pry into the secrets of the state;  
 Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love,

229-230 *Althæa . . . Calydon*] Ovid, in *Metamorphoses*, VIII, 260-547, tells the familiar story of how Althæa, mother of Meleager, prince of Calydon, was warned that her son should live only so long as a certain brand was unconsumed by fire, and how, being angered by her son, she committed the brand to the flames, and so caused his death. Shakespeare makes a confused reference to the fable in *2 Hen. IV*, II, ii, 83-86.

232 *hope of France*] hope of acquiring the throne of France. This and the next line are repeated with very slight verbal change, III, i, 87-88, *infra*.

242 *church-like humours fits*] The plural subject with the verb in the singular was no uncommon usage. The king's "church-like humours" (*i. e.*, religiosity or pietistic disposition) are fully described at I, iii, 53-62, *infra*.

THE SECOND PART OF ACT I

With his new bride and England's dear-bought queen,  
And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at jars:  
Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,  
With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfumed; 250  
And in my standard bear the arms of York,  
To grapple with the house of Lancaster;  
And, force perforce, I'll make him yield the crown,  
Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England down.  
[Exit.]

SCENE II — THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER'S HOUSE

*Enter DUKE HUMPHREY and his wife ELEANOR*

DUCH. Why droops my lord, like over-ripen'd corn,  
Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load?  
Why doth the great Duke Humphrey knit his brows,  
As frowning at the favours of the world?  
Why are thine eyes fix'd to the sullen earth,  
Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight?  
What seest thou there? King Henry's diadem,  
Enchased with all the honours of the world?  
If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,  
Until thy head be circled with the same. 10  
Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold.

253 *force perforce*] Both words were often used singly as adverbs in the same sense, "of necessity." Their conjunction intensifies that meaning.

254 *bookish rule*] the rule of one engrossed in books.

5 *sullen earth*] gloomy earth. Cf. *Sonnet xxix*, 12: "the lark . . . arising From *sullen earth*."

What, is't too short? I'll lengthen it with mine;  
And, having both together heaved it up,  
We'll both together lift our heads to heaven,  
And never more abase our sight so low  
As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.

GLOU. O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost love thy  
lord,

Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts.  
And may that thought, when I imagine ill  
Against my king and nephew, virtuous Henry, 20  
Be my last breathing in this mortal world!  
My troublous dream this night doth make me sad.

DUCH. What dream'd my lord? tell me, and I'll  
requite it

With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.

GLOU. Methought this staff, mine office-badge in  
court,

Was broke in twain; by whom I have forgot,  
But, as I think, it was by the cardinal;  
And on the pieces of the broken wand  
Were placed the heads of Edmund Duke of Somerset,  
And William de la Pole, first duke of Suffolk. 30  
This was my dream: what it doth bode, God knows.

DUCH. Tut, this was nothing but an argument,  
That he that breaks a stick of Gloucester's grove  
Shall lose his head for his presumption.  
But list to me, my Humphrey, my sweet duke:  
Methought I sat in seat of majesty,  
In the cathedral church of Westminster,  
And in that chair where kings and queens are crown'd;

THE SECOND PART OF      ACT I

---

Where Henry and dame Margaret kneel'd to me,  
And on my head did set the diadem. 40

    GLOU. Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide outright:  
Presumptuous dame, ill-nurtured Eleanor,  
Art thou not second woman in the realm,  
And the protector's wife, beloved of him?  
Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,  
Above the reach or compass of thy thought?  
And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,  
To tumble down thy husband and thyself  
From top of honour to disgrace's feet?  
Away from me, and let me hear no more! 50

    DUCH. What, what, my lord! are you so choleric  
With Eleanor, for telling but her dream?  
Next time I'll keep my dreams unto myself,  
And not be check'd.

    GLOU. Nay, be not angry; I am pleased again.

*Enter Messenger*

    MESS. My lord protector, 't is his highness' pleasure  
You do prepare to ride unto Saint Alban's,  
Where as the king and queen do mean to hawk.

    GLOU. I go. Come, Nell, thou wilt ride with us?

    DUCH. Yes, my good lord, I'll follow presently. 60

*[Exeunt Gloucester and Messenger.]*

Follow I must; I cannot go before,  
While Gloucester bears this base and humble mind.

---

54 *check'd*] chidden, reprov'd.

58 *Where as*] Where. See note on I, i, 220.

Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,  
 I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks  
 And smooth my way upon their headless necks;  
 And, being a woman, I will not be slack  
 To play my part in Fortune's pageant.  
 Where are you there? Sir John! nay, fear not, man,  
 We are alone; here's none but thee and I.

*Enter HUME*

HUME. Jesus preserve your royal majesty! 70

DUCH. What say'st thou? majesty! I am but grace.

HUME. But, by the grace of God, and Hume's ad-  
 vice,

Your grace's title shall be multiplied.

DUCH. What say'st thou, man? hast thou as yet  
 conferr'd

With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch,

With Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer?

And will they undertake to do me good?

HUME. This they have promised, to show your  
 highness

A spirit raised from depth of under-ground,

That shall make answer to such questions 80

As by your grace shall be propounded him.

DUCH. It is enough; I'll think upon the questions:

When from Saint Alban's we do make return,

We'll see these things effected to the full.

---

68 *Sir John*] The Duchess summons the priest Sir John Hume. "Sir" was in common use as a clerical title.

Here, Hume, take this reward; make merry, man,  
 With thy confederates in this weighty cause. *[Exit.]*

HUME. Hume must make merry with the duchess'  
 gold;

Marry, and shall. But, how now, Sir John Hume!

Seal up your lips, and give no words but mum:

The business asketh silent secrecy. 90

Dame Eleanor gives gold to bring the witch:

Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.

Yet have I gold flies from another coast;

I dare not say, from the rich cardinal,

And from the great and new-made Duke of Suffolk,

Yet I do find it so; for, to be plain,

They, knowing Dame Eleanor's aspiring humour,

Have hired me to undermine the duchess,

And buz these conjurations in her brain.

They say "A crafty knave does need no broker;" 100

Yet am I Suffolk and the cardinal's broker.

Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near

To call them both a pair of crafty knaves.

Well, so it stands; and thus, I fear, at last

Hume's knavery will be the duchess' wreck,

And her attainture will be Humphrey's fall:

Sort how it will, I shall have gold for all. *[Exit.]*

93 *coast*] quarter.

100 "*A crafty . . . broker*"] An oft-cited proverb. Cf. Ben Jonson in *Every Man in his Humour*, III, v, 34: *a crafty knave needs no broker*. "Broker" means agent, go-between.



## SCENE III—THE PALACE

*Enter three or four Petitioners, PETER, the Armourer's man,  
being one*

FIRST PETIT. My masters, let's stand close: my lord protector will come this way by and by, and then we may deliver our supplications in the quill.

SEC. PETIT. Marry, the Lord protect him, for he's a good man! Jesu bless him!

*Enter SUFFOLK and QUEEN*

PETER. Here a' comes, methinks, and the queen with him. I'll be the first, sure.

SEC. PETIT. Come back, fool; this is the Duke of Suffolk, and not my lord protector.

SUF. How now, fellow! wouldst any thing with me? <sup>10</sup>

FIRST PETIT. I pray, my lord, pardon me; I took ye for my lord protector.

QUEEN. [*Reading*] "To my Lord Protector!" Are your supplications to his lordship? Let me see them: what is thine?

FIRST PETIT. Mine is, an't please your grace, against John Goodman, my lord cardinal's man, for keeping my house, and lands, and wife and all, from me.

<sup>3</sup> *in the quill*] in a body, in unison, altogether. Cf. *Roxburghe Ballads*, Vol. II, p. 136: "Thus those females were all *in a quill*." "Quile," in the sense of "heap" is still in provincial use in England. The word "quill" has been connected philologically with both "coil" (*sc.* of rope) and the French "accueil," a gathering, or assemblage.

THE SECOND PART OF ACT I

SUF. Thy wife too! that's some wrong, indeed.  
What's yours? What's here! [*Reads*] "Against the 20  
Duke of Suffolk, for enclosing the commons of Mel-  
ford." How now, sir knave!

SEC. PETIT. Alas, sir, I am but a poor petitioner of  
our whole township.

PETER [*giving his petition*]. Against my master, Thomas  
Horner, for saying that the Duke of York was rightful  
heir to the crown.

QUEEN. What say'st thou? did the Duke of York  
say he was rightful heir to the crown?

PETER. That my master was? no, forsooth: my 30  
master said that he was, and that the king was an  
usurper.

SUF. Who is there? [*Enter Servant.*] Take this fellow  
in, and send for his master with a pursuivant presently:  
we'll hear more of your matter before the king.

[*Exit Servant with Peter.*]

QUEEN. And as for you, that love to be protected  
Under the wings of our protector's grace,  
Begin your suits anew, and sue to him.

[*Tears the supplications.*]

Away, base cullions! Suffolk, let them go.

ALL. Come, let's be gone. [*Exeunt.*]

QUEEN. My Lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise, 40  
Is this the fashion in the court of England?  
Is this the government of Britain's isle,  
And this the royalty of Albion's king?

30 *master*] Warburton's correction of the Folio reading *Mistress*.

32 *Who is there?*] A summons to one without to enter.

What, shall King Henry be a pupil still  
 Under the surly Gloucester's governance?  
 Am I a queen in title and in style,  
 And must be made a subject to a duke?  
 I tell thee, Pole, when in the city Tours  
 Thou ran'st a tilt in honour of my love,  
 And stolest away the ladies' hearts of France,      50  
 I thought King Henry had resembled thee  
 In courage, courtship and proportion:  
 But all his mind is bent to holiness,  
 To number Ave-Maries on his beads;  
 His champions are the prophets and apostles,  
 His weapons holy saws of sacred writ,  
 His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves  
 Are brazen images of canonized saints.  
 I would the college of the cardinals  
 Would choose him pope and carry him to Rome,      60  
 And set the triple crown upon his head:  
 That were a state fit for his holiness.

SUF. Madam, be patient: as I was cause  
 Your highness came to England, so will I  
 In England work your grace's full content.

QUEEN. Beside the haughty protector, have we  
                   Beaufort,  
 The imperious churchman, Somerset, Buckingham,

52 *courtship and proportion*] courtliness and shapeliness.

61 *the triple crown*] The papal crown was of triplicate shape.

66 *haughty*] Thus the First Folio. The Second and later Folios improve the metre by reading *haught*, a form of the word occasionally found elsewhere.

And grumbling York; and not the least of these  
But can do more in England than the king.

SUF. And he of these that can do most of all 70  
Cannot do more in England than the Nevils:  
Salisbury and Warwick are no simple peers.

QUEEN. Not all these lords do vex me half so much  
As that proud dame, the lord protector's wife.  
She sweeps it through the court with troops of ladies,  
More like an empress than Duke Humphrey's wife:  
Strangers in court do take her for the queen:  
She bears a duke's revenues on her back,  
And in her heart she scorns our poverty:  
Shall I not live to be avenged on her? 80  
Contemptuous base-born callet as she is,  
She vaunted 'mongst her minions t' other day,  
The very train of her worst wearing gown  
Was better worth than all my father's lands,  
Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter.

SUF. Madam, myself have limed a bush for her,  
And placed a quire of such enticing birds,

---

73-84 *Not all these lords . . . my father's lands*] This speech lacks historic foundation. The Duchess of Gloucester was disgraced and permanently dismissed from court three years before Henry VI's queen arrived in England.

78 *She bears . . . back*] Cf. Marlowe's *Edward II*, I, iv, 408: "He wears a lord's revenues on his back."

81 *callet*] strumpet, drab; used thus in *Othello*, IV, ii, 121. In *Wint. Tale*, II, iii, 90, the word is applied to a scolding wife.

86 *limed*] smeared with birdlime. Cf. II, iv, 54, *infra*, "limed bushes," III, iii, 16, "lime twigs," and *3 Hen. VI*, V, vi, 13, "The bird that hath been limed in a bush."

That she will light to listen to the lays,  
 And never mount to trouble you again.  
 So, let her rest: and, madam, list to me; 90  
 For I am bold to counsel you in this.  
 Although we fancy not the cardinal,  
 Yet must we join with him and with the lords,  
 Till we have brought Duke Humphrey in disgrace.  
 As for the Duke of York, this late complaint  
 Will make but little for his benefit.  
 So, one by one, we'll weed them all at last,  
 And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

*Sound a Sennet. Enter the KING, DUKE HUMPHREY of Gloucester,  
 CARDINAL BEAUFORT, BUCKINGHAM, YORK, SOMERSET, SALIS-  
 BURY, WARWICK, and the DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER*

KING. For my part, noble lords, I care not which;  
 Or Somerset or York, all's one to me. 100

YORK. If York have ill demean'd himself in France,  
 Then let him be deny'd the regentship.

SOM. If Somerset be unworthy of the place,  
 Let York be regent; I will yield to him.

WAR. Whether your grace be worthy, yea or no,  
 Dispute not that: York is the worthier.

CAR. Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters speak.

WAR. The cardinal's not my better in the field.

BUCK. All in this presence are thy betters, Warwick.

WAR. Warwick may live to be the best of all. 110

88 *light*] alight.

102 *deny'd*] thus the first three Folios. The Fourth Folio adopts the  
 more modern form of the word, *deny'd*.

THE SECOND PART OF ACT I

---

SAL. Peace, son! and show some reason, Buckingham,  
Why Somerset should be preferr'd in this.

QUEEN. Because the king, forsooth, will have it so.

GLOU. Madam, the king is old enough himself  
To give his censure: these are no women's matters.

QUEEN. If he be old enough, what needs your grace  
To be protector of his excellence?

GLOU. Madam, I am protector of the realm;  
And, at his pleasure, will resign my place.

SUF. Resign it then and leave thine insolence. 120  
Since thou wert king — as who is king but thou? —  
The commonwealth hath daily run to wreck;  
The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas;  
And all the peers and nobles of the realm  
Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty.

CAR. The commons hast thou rack'd; the clergy's  
bags  
Are lank and lean with thy extortions.

SOM. Thy sumptuous buildings and thy wife's attire  
Have cost a mass of public treasury.

BUCK. Thy cruelty in execution 130  
Upon offenders hath exceeded law,  
And left thee to the mercy of the law.

QUEEN. Thy sale of offices and towns in France,  
If they were known, as the suspect is great,  
Would make thee quickly hop without thy head.

*[Exit Gloucester. The Queen drops her fan.]*

---

115 *censure*] opinion. The word is quite free from any suggestion of reproach.

134 *suspect*] suspicion. Cf. III, i, 140, *infra*.

Give me my fan: what, minion! can ye not?

[*She gives the Duchess a box on the ear.*]

I cry you mercy, madam; was it you?

DUCH. Was't I! yea, I it was, proud Frenchwoman:

Could I come near your beauty with my nails,

I'd set my ten commandments in your face. 140

KING. Sweet aunt, be quiet; 't was against her will.

DUCH. Against her will! good king, look to 't in time;

She'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a baby:

Though in this place most master wear no breeches,

She shall not strike Dame Eleanor unrevenged. [*Exit.*]

BUCK. Lord cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,

And listen after Humphrey, how he proceeds:

She's tickled now; her fume needs no spurs,

She'll gallop far enough to her destruction. [*Exit.*]

*Re-enter GLOUCESTER*

GLOU. Now, lords, my choler being over-blown 150

With walking once about the quadrangle,

I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.

As for your spiteful false objections,

---

140 *ten commandments*] the ten fingers; a common slang usage of the time. Cf. line 188, *infra*: "By these *ten* bones."

144 *Though . . . breeches*] Though in this place she who is most master wear no breeches, though here the queen (a woman) is master.

147 *listen after*] go after and carefully observe. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV*, I, i, 29: "to *listen after* news."

148 *tickled*] pricked on, goaded.

*fume*] anger. Modern editors often substitute *fury*, which improves the metre. But the change is not absolutely necessary.

150 *over-blown*] blown over, spent.

Prove them, and I lie open to the law:  
 But God in mercy so deal with my soul,  
 As I in duty love my king and country!  
 But, to the matter that we have in hand:  
 I say, my sovereign, York is meetest man  
 To be your regent in the realm of France.

SUF. Before we make election, give me leave 160  
 To show some reason, of no little force,  
 That York is most unmeet of any man.

YORK. I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet:  
 First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride;  
 Next, if I be appointed for the place,  
 My Lord of Somerset will keep me here,  
 Without discharge, money, or furniture,  
 Till France be won into the Dauphin's hands:  
 Last time, I danced attendance on his will  
 Till Paris was besieged, famish'd, and lost. 170

WAR. That can I witness; and a fouler fact  
 Did never traitor in the land commit.

SUF. Peace, headstrong Warwick!

WAR. Image of pride, why should I hold my  
 peace?

*Enter HORNER, the Armourer, and his man PETER, guarded*

SUF. Because here is a man accused of treason:  
 Pray God the Duke of York excuse himself!

---

167 *Without discharge . . . furniture*] Without means of discharging my  
 duties, without money or equipment.

171 *fact*] crime.



YORK. Doth any one accuse York for a traitor?

KING. What mean'st thou, Suffolk? tell me, what are these?

SUF. Please it your majesty, this is the man  
That doth accuse his master of high treason: 180  
His words were these: that Richard Duke of York  
Was rightful heir unto the English crown,  
And that your majesty was an usurper.

KING. Say, man, were these thy words?

HOR. An 't shall please your majesty, I never said  
nor thought any such matter: God is my witness, I am  
falsely accused by the villain.

PET. By these ten bones, my lords, he did speak  
them to me in the garret one night, as we were scouring  
my Lord of York's armour. 190

YORK. Base dunghill villain and mechanical,  
I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech.  
I do beseech your royal majesty,  
Let him have all the rigour of the law.

HOR. Alas, my lord, hang me, if ever I spake the  
words. My accuser is my 'prentice; and when I did  
correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon  
his knees he would be even with me: I have good wit-  
ness of this; therefore I beseech your majesty, do not  
cast away an honest man for a villain's accusation. 200

KING. Uncle, what shall we say to this in law?

188 *ten bones*] ten fingers: the speaker holds up his hand. Cf. line 140,  
*supra*, *ten commandments*.

191 *mechanical*] menial; an epithet of contempt applied to a manual  
labourer.

THE SECOND PART OF ACT I

---

GLOU. This doom, my lord, if I may judge:  
Let Somerset be regent o'er the French,  
Because in York this breeds suspicion:  
And let these have a day appointed them  
For single combat in convenient place,  
For he hath witness of his servant's malice:  
This is the law, and this Duke Humphrey's doom.

SOM. I humbly thank your royal majesty.

HOR. And I accept the combat willingly. 210

PET. Alas, my lord, I cannot fight; for God's sake,  
pity my case. The spite of man prevaieth against me.  
O Lord, have mercy upon me! I shall never be able to  
fight a blow. O Lord, my heart!

GLOU. Sirrah, or you must fight, or else be hang'd.

KING. Away with them to prison; and the day of  
combat shall be the last of the next month. Come,  
Somerset, we'll see thee sent away. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV — GLOUCESTER'S GARDEN

*Enter MARGERY JOURDAIN, HUME, SOUTHWELL, and  
BOLINGBROKE*

HUME. Come, my masters; the duchess, I tell you,  
expects performance of your promises.

BOLING. Master Hume, we are therefore provided:  
will her Ladyship behold and hear our exorcisms?

---

4 *exorcisms*] conjurations for raising spirits, not as in modern usage for driving them away.

HUME. Ay, what else? fear you not her courage.

BOLING. I have heard her reported to be a woman of an invincible spirit: but it shall be convenient, Master Hume, that you be by her aloft, while we be busy below; and so, I pray you, go, in God's name, and leave us. [*Exit Hume.*] Mother Jourdain, be you <sup>10</sup> prostrate and grovel on the earth; John Southwell, read you; and let us to our work.

*Enter Duchess aloft, HUME following*

DUCH. Well said, my masters; and welcome all. To this gear the sooner the better.

BOLING. Patience, good lady; wizards know their times:

Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night,  
The time of night when Troy was set on fire;  
The time when screech-owls cry, and ban-dogs howl,  
And spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves,  
That time best fits the work we have in hand. <sup>20</sup>  
Madam, sit you and fear not: whom we raise,  
We will make fast within a hallow'd verge.

*[Here they do the ceremonies belonging, and make the circle; Bolingbroke or Southwell reads, Conjuro te, &c. It thunders and lightens terribly; then the Spirit riseth.]*

14 *gear*] business.

16 *the silent of the night*] the silence of the night. Cf. *2 Hen. IV*, V, iii, 49-50, "the sweet [*i. e.*, sweetness] o' the night," and *Tempest*, I, ii, 327, "that vast [*sc.* space] of night."

18 *ban-dogs*] chained up mastiffs.

22 *a hallow'd verge*] the circumference of a charmed circle.

THE SECOND PART OF ACT I

SPIR. Adsum.

M. JOURD. Asmath,

By the eternal God, whose name and power  
Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask;  
For, till thou speak, thou shalt not pass from hence.

SPIR. Ask what thou wilt. That I had said and done!

BOLING. "First of the king: what shall of him be-  
come?" *[Reading out of a paper.*

SPIR. The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose; 30  
But him outlive, and die a violent death.

*[As the Spirit speaks, Southwell writes the answer.*

BOLING. "What fates await the Duke of Suffolk?"

SPIR. By water shall he die, and take his end.

BOLING. "What shall befall the Duke of Somerset?"

SPIR. Let him shun castles;

Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains  
Than where castles mounted stand.

Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

BOLING. Descend to darkness and the burning lake!

False fiend, avoid! *[Thunder and lightning. Exit spirit.* 40

*Enter the DUKE OF YORK and the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM  
with their Guard and break in*

YORK. Lay hands upon these traitors and their trash.  
Beldam, I think we watch'd you at an inch.

---

24 *Asmath*] An irregular form of the name of Asmodeus the evil spirit  
(*Tobit*, ch. iii, verse 8).

28 *That I*] Would that I.

40 *avoid*] be off.

42 *at an inch*] in the nick of time.

What, madam, are you there? the king and common-  
weal

Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains:

My lord protector will, I doubt it not,

See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.

DUCH. Not half so bad as thine to England's king,  
Injurious duke, that threatest where's no cause.

BUCK. True, madam, none at all: what call you this?

Away with them! let them be clapp'd up close, 50

And kept asunder. You, madam, shall with us.

Stafford, take her to thee.

*[Exeunt above Duchess and Hume, guarded.]*

We'll see your trinkets here all forthcoming.

All, away! *[Exeunt guard with Jourdain, Southwell, &c.]*

YORK. Lord Buckingham, methinks, you watch'd  
her well:

A pretty plot, well chosen to build upon!

Now, pray, my lord, let's see the devil's writ.

What have we here?

*[Reads.]*

"The duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose;

But him outlive, and die a violent death." 60

Why, this is just

"Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse."

Well, to the rest:

48 *Injurious*] Abusive.

62 *Aio te . . . posse*] The ambiguous oracle announced, according to Roman historians, by the Pythian Apollo to Pyrrhus, the king of Epirus, who invaded Italy and threatened Rome 280 B. C. The Latin words are capable of meaning either that Pyrrhus can conquer the Romans, or that the Romans can conquer him.

SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI ACT I

---

“Tell me, what fate awaits the Duke of Suffolk?  
By water shall he die, and take his end.  
What shall betide the Duke of Somerset?  
Let him shun castles;  
Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains  
Than where castles mounted stand.”

Come, come, my lords; 70  
These oracles are hardly attain'd,  
And hardly understood.

The king is now in progress towards Saint Alban's,  
With him the husband of this lovely lady:  
Thither go these news, as fast as horse can carry them:  
A sorry breakfast for my lord protector.

BUCK. Your grace shall give me leave, my Lord of  
York,  
To be the post, in hope of his reward.

YORK. At your pleasure, my good lord. Who's  
within there, ho!

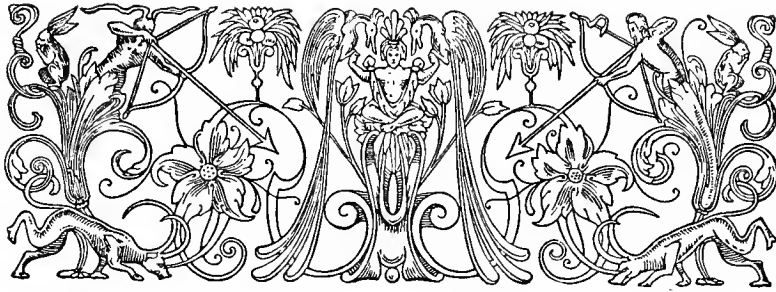
*Enter a Servingman*

Invite my Lords of Salisbury and Warwick 80  
To sup with me to-morrow night. Away! *[Exeunt.]*

---

64 “*Tell me . . . Suffolk*] These are not the exact words of the paper as they are first read out by Bolingbroke in line 32, *supra*. The small discrepancy resembles that already noticed, I, i, 54-56, *supra*.

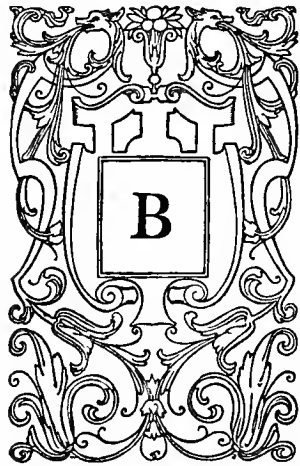
71 *hardly attain'd*] obtained with difficulty.



ACT SECOND — SCENE I — SAINT ALBAN'S

*Enter the KING, QUEEN, GLOUCESTER, CARDINAL, and SUFFOLK,  
with Falconers halloing*

QUEEN



BELIEVE ME, LORDS, FOR  
flying at the brook,  
I saw not better sport these  
seven years' day:  
Yet, by your leave, the wind was  
very high;  
And, ten to one, old Joan had  
not gone out.

KING. But what a point, my  
lord, your falcon made,  
And what a pitch she flew above  
the rest!  
To see how God in all His crea-  
tures works!

Yea, man and birds are fain of climbing high.

SUF. No marvel, an it like your majesty,

---

1 *for flying at the brook*] as regards hawking for waterfowl.

2 *these seven years' day*] this space of seven years.

4 *old Joan . . . out*] old Joan applies to the old hawk, against whose

My lord protector's hawks do tower so well; 10  
 They know their master loves to be aloft,  
 And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.

GLOU. My lord, 't is but a base ignoble mind  
 That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

CAR. I thought as much; he would be above the  
 clouds.

GLOU. Ay, my lord cardinal? how think you by  
 that?

Were it not good your grace could fly to heaven?

KING. The treasury of everlasting joy.

CAR. Thy heaven is on earth; thine eyes and  
 thoughts

Beat on a crown, the treasure of thy heart; 20  
 Pernicious protector, dangerous peer,  
 That smooth'st it so with king and commonweal!

GLOU. What, cardinal, is your priesthood grown  
 peremptory?

Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?

---

taking flight at all there were heavy odds, owing to the violence of  
 the wind.

5 *point*] applied technically in hawking to the hovering of the falcon over  
 the spot where the quarry seeks refuge.

8 *fain of*] fond of, desirous of.

16 *how . . . that*] what do you think of that?

20 *Beat on a crown*] Cf. I, ii, 47, *supra*: "And wilt thou still be *hammering*  
*treachery*?"

22 *smooth'st it so*] flatterest so. Cf. I, i, 151, *supra*: "*smoothing*  
*words*."

24 *Tantæne . . . iræ*] Quotation from Virgil, *Æneid*, bk. i, line 15:  
 "Do such passions possess souls divine?"



Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such malice;  
With such holiness can you do it?

SUF. No malice, sir; no more than well becomes  
So good a quarrel and so bad a peer.

GLOU. As who, my lord?

SUF. Why, as you, my lord,  
An 't like your lordly lord-protectorship. 30

GLOU. Why, Suffolk, England knows thine insolence.

QUEEN. And thy ambition, Gloucester.

KING. I prithee, peace, good queen,  
And whet not on these furious peers;  
For blessed are the peacemakers on earth.

CAR. Let me be blessed for the peace I make,  
Against this proud protector, with my sword!

GLOU. [*Aside to Car.*] Faith, holy uncle, would 't were  
come to that!

CAR. [*Aside to Glou.*] Marry, when thou darest.

GLOU. [*Aside to Car.*] Make up no factious numbers  
for the matter; 40

In thine own person answer thy abuse.

CAR. [*Aside to Glou.*] Ay, where thou darest not peep:  
an if thou darest,

This evening on the east side of the grove.

KING. How now, my lords!

CAR. Believe me, cousin Gloucester,

26 *With such . . . do it*] Thus the Folios. The line seems defective.

Warburton's emendation *With such holiness can you not do it?* is frequently adopted.

40 *Make . . . matter*] Bring no members of your faction into this contest.

THE SECOND PART OF ACT II

---

Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly,  
We had had more sport. [*Aside to Glou.*] Come with thy  
two-hand sword.

GLOU. True, uncle.

CAR. [*Aside to Glou.*] Are ye advised? the east side  
of the grove?

GLOU. [*Aside to Car.*] Cardinal, I am with you.

KING. Why, how now, uncle Gloucester!

GLOU. Talking of hawking; nothing else, my lord. <sup>50</sup>  
[*Aside to Car.*] Now, by God's mother, priest, I'll shave  
your crown for this,

Or all my fence shall fail.

CAR. [*Aside to Glou.*] *Medice, teipsum* —  
Protector, see to 't well, protect yourself.

KING. The winds grow high; so do your stomachs,  
lords.

How irksome is this music to my heart!

When such strings jar, what hope of harmony?

I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.

*Enter a Townsman of Saint Alban's, crying "A miracle!"*

GLOU. What means this noise?

Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim?

60

---

46 *two-hand sword*] sometimes called the "long sword," needing both  
hands for wielding.

52 *fence*] skill in fencing.

53 *Medice, teipsum*] "Physician, [heal] thyself"; from the Vulgate, *Luke*  
iv, 23: "Medice, cura teipsum."

55 *stomachs*] tempers, anger.

TOWNS. A miracle! a miracle!

SUF. Come to the king and tell him what miracle.

TOWNS. Forsooth, a blind man at Saint Alban's shrine,

Within this half-hour, hath received his sight;

A man that ne'er saw in his life before.

KING. Now, God be praised, that to believing souls  
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!

*Enter the Mayor of Saint Alban's and his brethren, bearing SIMPCOX, between two in a chair, SIMPCOX'S Wife following*

CAR. Here comes the townsmen on procession,  
To present your highness with the man.

KING. Great is his comfort in this earthly vale, 70  
Although by his sight his sin be multiplied.

GLOU. Stand by, my masters: bring him near the  
king;

His highness' pleasure is to talk with him.

KING. Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance,  
That we for thee may glorify the Lord.

What, hast thou been long blind and now restored?

SIMP. Born blind, an 't please your grace.

WIFE. Ay, indeed, was he.

SUF. What woman is this?

WIFE. His wife, an 't like your worship. 80

---

61 *A miracle! a miracle!*] This story is absent from the Chronicles of both Holinshed and Hall, which supply the dramatist with his main material. It was first narrated by Sir Thomas More in his *Dialogue concerning heresies*, whence it was borrowed by the chronicler Grafton.

THE SECOND PART OF ACT II

GLOU. Hadst thou been his mother, thou couldst  
have better told.

KING. Where wert thou born?

SIMP. At Berwick in the north, an 't like your grace.

KING. Poor soul, God's goodness hath been great to  
thee:

Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,  
But still remember what the Lord hath done.

QUEEN. Tell me, good fellow, camest thou here by  
chance,

Or of devotion, to this holy shrine?

SIMP. God knows, of pure devotion; being call'd  
A hundred times and oftener, in my sleep, 90  
By good Saint Alban; who said, "Simpcox, come,  
Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee."

WIFE. Most true, forsooth; and many time and oft  
Myself have heard a voice to call him so.

CAR. What, art thou lame?

SIMP. Ay, God Almighty help me!

SUF. How camest thou so?

SIMP. A fall off of a tree.

WIFE. A plum-tree, master.

GLOU. How long hast thou been blind?

SIMP. O, born so, master.

GLOU. What, and wouldst climb a tree?

SIMP. But that in all my life, when I was a youth.

WIFE. Too true; and bought his climbing very dear.

GLOU. Mass, thou lovedst plums well, that wouldst  
venture so. 101

92 *offer*] *sc.* money, make offering.

SIMP. Alas, good master, my wife desired some  
damsons,  
And made me climb, with danger of my life.

GLOU. A subtle knave! but yet it shall not serve.  
Let me see thine eyes: wink now: now open  
them:

In my opinion yet thou see'st not well.

SIMP. Yes, master, clear as day, I thank God and  
Saint Alban.

GLOU. Say'st thou me so? What colour is this  
cloak of?

SIMP. Red, master; red as blood. 110

GLOU. Why, that's well said. What colour is my  
gown of?

SIMP. Black, forsooth: coal-black as jet.

KING. Why, then, thou know'st what colour jet is  
of?

SUF. And yet, I think, jet did he never see.

GLOU. But cloaks and gowns, before this day, a  
many.

WIFE. Never, before this day, in all his life.

GLOU. Tell me, sirrah, what's my name?

SIMP. Alas, master, I know not.

GLOU. What's his name?

SIMP. I know not. 120

GLOU. Nor his?

SIMP. No, indeed, master.

GLOU. What's thine own name?

SIMP. Saunder Simpcox, an if it please you, master.

GLOU. Then, Saunder, sit there, the lyingest knave

THE SECOND PART OF ACT II

in Christendom. If thou hadst been born blind, thou mightst as well have known all our names as thus to name the several colours we do wear. Sight may distinguish of colours, but suddenly to nominate them all, it is impossible. My lords, Saint Alban here hath done a miracle; and would ye not think his cunning to be great, that could restore this cripple to his legs again? 132

SIMP. O master, that you could!

GLOU. My masters of Saint Albans, have you not beadles in your town, and things called whips?

MAY. Yes, my lord, if it please your grace.

GLOU. Then send for one presently.

MAY. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight.

*[Exit an Attendant.]*

GLOU. Now fetch me a stool hither by and by. Now, sirrah, if you mean to save yourself from whipping, leap me over this stool and run away. 141

SIMP. Alas, master, I am not able to stand alone: You go about to torture me in vain.

*Enter a Beadle with whips*

GLOU. Well, sir, we must have you find your legs. Sirrah beadle, whip him till he leap over that same stool.

BEAD. I will, my lord. Come on, sirrah; off with your doublet quickly.

---

129 *nominate*] give names to.

140-141 *leap me*] "me" is the ethic dative.

SIMP. Alas, master, what shall I do? I am not able to stand. [*After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leaps over the stool and runs away; and they follow and cry, "A miracle!"*]

KING. O God, seest Thou this, and bearest so long?

QUEEN. It made me laugh to see the villain run. 151

GLOU. Follow the knave; and take this drab away.

WIFE. Alas, sir, we did it for pure need.

GLOU. Let them be whipped through every market-town, till they come to Berwick, from whence they came.

[*Exeunt Wife, Beadle, Mayor, &c.*]

CAR. Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to-day.

SUF. True; made the lame to leap and fly away.

GLOU. But you have done more miracles than I; You made in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.

*Enter BUCKINGHAM*

KING. What tidings with our cousin Buckingham?

BUCK. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold. 161

A sort of naughty persons, lewdly bent,  
Under the countenance and confederacy  
Of Lady Eleanor, the protector's wife,  
The ringleader and head of all this rout,  
Have practised dangerously against your state,  
Dealing with witches and with conjurers:  
Whom we have apprehended in the fact;  
Raising up wicked spirits from under ground,

153 *pure need*] sheer necessity.

162 *A sort . . . bent*] A set of blackguards, bent on mischief.

163 *confederacy*] partnership in conspiracy.

Demanding of King Henry's life and death, 170  
 And other of your highness' privy-council;  
 As more at large your grace shall understand.

CAR. [*Aside to Glou.*] And so, my lord protector, by  
 this means

Your lady is forthcoming yet at London.  
 This news, I think, hath turn'd your weapon's edge;  
 'T is like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.

GLOU. Ambitious churchman, leave to afflict my  
 heart:

Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my powers;  
 And, vanquish'd as I am, I yield to thee,  
 Or to the meanest groom. 180

KING. O God, what mischiefs work the wicked ones,  
 Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby!

QUEEN. Gloucester, see here the tainture of thy nest,  
 And look thyself be faultless, thou wert best.

GLOU. Madam, for myself, to heaven I do appeal,  
 How I have loved my king and commonweal:  
 And, for my wife, I know not how it stands;  
 Sorry I am to hear what I have heard:  
 Noble she is, but if she have forgot  
 Honour and virtue and conversed with such 190  
 As, like to pitch, defile nobility,  
 I banish her my bed and company,  
 And give her as a prey to law and shame,  
 That hath dishonour'd Gloucester's honest name.

KING. Well, for this night we will repose us here:  
 To-morrow toward London back again,

183 *tainture of thy nest*] defilement of thy household.



To look into this business thoroughly,  
 And call these foul offenders to their answers,  
 And poise the cause in justice' equal scales, 199  
 Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails.  
[Flourish. Exeunt.]

## SCENE II — LONDON

## THE DUKE OF YORK'S GARDEN

*Enter YORK, SALISBURY, and WARWICK*

YORK. Now, my good Lords of Salisbury and War-  
 wick,  
 Our simple supper ended, give me leave  
 In this close walk to satisfy myself,  
 In craving your opinion of my title,  
 Which is infallible, to England's crown.  
 SAL. My lord, I long to hear it at full.  
 WAR. Sweet York, begin: and if thy claim be good,  
 The Nevils are thy subjects to command.  
 YORK. Then thus:  
 Edward the Third, my lords, had seven sons: 10  
 The first, Edward the Black Prince, Prince of Wales;  
 The second, William of Hatfield, and the third,  
 Lionel Duke of Clarence; next to whom  
 Was John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster;  
 The fifth was Edmund Langley, Duke of York;

3 *close walk*] retired path (of the garden). Cf. line 60, *infra*: "private plot."

5 *Which*] The antecedent is "your opinion" (line 4).

The sixth was Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester;

William of Windsor was the seventh and last.  
 Edward the Black Prince died before his father,  
 And left behind him Richard, his only son,  
 Who after Edward the Third's death reign'd as king; 20  
 Till Henry Bolingbroke, Duke of Lancaster,  
 The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,  
 Crown'd by the name of Henry the Fourth,  
 Seized on the realm, deposed the rightful king,  
 Sent his poor queen to France, from whence she came,  
 And him to Pomfret; where, as all you know,  
 Harmless Richard was murder'd traitorously.

WAR. Father, the duke hath told the truth;  
 Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown.

YORK. Which now they hold by force and not by  
 right; 30

For Richard, the first son's heir, being dead,  
 The issue of the next son should have reign'd.

SAL. But William of Hatfield died without an heir.

YORK. The third son, Duke of Clarence, from whose  
 line

I claim the crown, had issue, Philippe, a daughter,  
 Who married Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March:  
 Edmund had issue, Roger Earl of March;  
 Roger had issue, Edmund, Anne and Eleanor.

SAL. This Edmund, in the reign of Bolingbroke,

---

39-42 *This Edmund . . . till he died*] There is much confusion here. In  
*1 Hen. VI*, II, v, this Edmund Mortimer (5th Earl of March) has  
 already been erroneously brought on the stage as dying in captivity

As I have read, laid claim unto the crown; 40  
 And, but for Owen Glendower, had been king,  
 Who kept him in captivity till he died.  
 But to the rest.

YORK. His eldest sister, Anne,  
 My mother, being heir unto the crown,  
 Married Richard Earl of Cambridge; who was son  
 To Edmund Langley, Edward the Third's fifth  
 son.

By her I claim the kingdom: she was heir  
 To Roger Earl of March, who was the son  
 Of Edmund Mortimer, who married Philippe,  
 Sole daughter unto Lionel Duke of Clarence: 50  
 So, if the issue of the elder son  
 Succeed before the younger, I am king.

WAR. What plain proceeding is more plain than  
 this?

Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,  
 The fourth son; York claims it from the third.  
 Till Lionel's issue fails, his should not reign:  
 It fails not yet, but flourishes in thee  
 And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.  
 Then, father Salisbury, kneel we together;  
 And in this private plot be we the first 60

---

in the Tower of London, whereas he died a free man in Ireland. The present allegation that he was imprisoned by Owen Glendower is equally wrong. It was an uncle of this Edmund, another Edmund Mortimer, who was Glendower's prisoner.

53 *proceeding*] course of narrative, narration.

60 *private plot*] sequestered place. Cf. line 3, *supra*: "close walk."

THE SECOND PART OF ACT II

That shall salute our rightful sovereign  
With honour of his birthright to the crown.

BOTH. Long live our sovereign Richard, England's  
king!

YORK. We thank you, lords. But I am not your  
king

Till I be crown'd, and that my sword be stain'd  
With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster;  
And that's not suddenly to be perform'd,  
But with advice and silent secrecy.

Do you as I do in these dangerous days:

Wink at the Duke of Suffolk's insolence, 70

At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,

At Buckingham and all the crew of them,

Till they have snared the shepherd of the flock,

That virtuous prince, the good Duke Humphrey:

'T is that they seek, and they in seeking that

Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy.

SAL. My lord, break we off; we know your mind  
at full.

WAR. My heart assures me that the Earl of Warwick  
Shall one day make the Duke of York a king.

YORK. And, Nevil, this I do assure myself: 80

Richard shall live to make the Earl of Warwick

The greatest man in England but the king. [*Exeunt.*]

---

68 *advice*] forethought, caution.

## SCENE III—A HALL OF JUSTICE

*Sound trumpets. Enter the KING, the QUEEN, GLOUCESTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, and SALISBURY; the DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, MARGERY JOURDAIN, SOUTHWELL, HUME, and BOLINGBROKE, under guard*

KING. Stand forth, Dame Eleanor Cobham, Gloucester's wife:

In sight of God and us, your guilt is great:  
 Receive the sentence of the law for sins  
 Such as by God's book are adjudged to death.  
 You four, from hence to prison back again;  
 From thence unto the place of execution:  
 The witch in Smithfield shall be burn'd to ashes,  
 And you three shall be strangled on the gallows.  
 You, madam, for you are more nobly born,  
 Despoiled of your honour in your life, 10  
 Shall, after three days' open penance done,  
 Live in your country here in banishment,  
 With Sir John Stanley, in the Isle of Man.

DUCH. Welcome is banishment; welcome were my death.

GLOU. Eleanor, the law, thou see'st, hath judged thee:

I cannot justify whom the law condemns.

*[Exeunt Duchess and other prisoners, guarded.]*

Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.  
 Ah, Humphrey, this dishonour in thine age  
 Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground!

THE SECOND PART OF ACT II

I beseech your majesty, give me leave to go; 20  
 Sorrow would solace and mine age would ease.

KING. Stay, Humphrey Duke of Gloucester: ere  
 thou go,

Give up thy staff: Henry will to himself  
 Protector be; and God shall be my hope,  
 My stay, my guide and lantern to my feet:  
 And go in peace, Humphrey, no less beloved  
 Than when thou wert protector to thy king.

QUEEN. I see no reason why a king of years  
 Should be to be protected like a child.  
 God and King Henry govern England's realm. 30  
 Give up your staff, sir, and the king his realm.

GLOU. My staff? here, noble Henry, is my staff:  
 As willingly do I the same resign  
 As e'er thy father Henry made it mine;  
 And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it  
 As others would ambitiously receive it.  
 Farewell, good king: when I am dead and gone,  
 May honourable peace attend thy throne! [Exit.]

QUEEN. Why, now is Henry king, and Margaret  
 queen;  
 And Humphrey Duke of Gloucester scarce himself, 40  
 That bears so shrewd a maim; two pulls at once;  
 His lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd off.

21 *would . . . would*] In both cases the word here means "would have,"  
 "requires," "stands in need of."

25 *lantern . . . feet*] Cf. the Prayer Book version of *Psalm* cxix, 105:  
 "Thy word is a *lantern unto my feet*, and a light unto my paths."

41 *bears so shrewd a maim*] endures so grievous a mutilation.

This staff of honour raught, there let it stand  
Where it best fits to be, in Henry's hand.

SUF. Thus droops this lofty pine and hangs his sprays;  
Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her youngest days.

YORK. Lords, let him go. Please it your majesty,  
This is the day appointed for the combat;  
And ready are the appellant and defendant,  
The armourer and his man, to enter the lists, 50  
So please your highness to behold the fight.

QUEEN. Ay, good my lord; for purposely therefore  
Left I the court, to see this quarrel tried.

KING. O' God's name, see the lists and all things fit:  
Here let them end it; and God defend the right!

YORK. I never saw a fellow worse bested,  
Or more afraid to fight, than is the appellant,  
The servant of this armourer, my lords.

*Enter at one door, HORNER, the Armourer, and his Neighbours, drinking to him so much that he is drunk; and he enters with a drum before him and his staff with a sand-bag fastened to it; and at the other door PETER, his man, with a drum and sand-bag, and 'Prentices drinking to him*

FIRST NEIGH. Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to  
you in a cup of sack: and fear not, neighbour, you shall  
do well enough. 61

43 *raught*] having been seized (by me). Cf. Drayton's *Poly-olbion*, LX, 290: "He *raught* the wreath."

45-46 *hangs his sprays . . . days*] lets its branches droop; thus Eleanor's grandeur dies in its early days, before it enjoys maturity.

47 *let him go*] dismiss thought of him. Gloucester has left the stage after line 38.

48 *appellant*] accuser, plaintiff.

THE SECOND PART OF ACT II

SEC. NEIGH. And here, neighbour, here's a cup of charneco.

THIRD NEIGH. And here's a pot of good double beer, neighbour: drink, and fear not your man.

HOR. Let it come, i' faith, and I'll pledge you all; and a fig for Peter!

FIRST 'PREN. Here, Peter, I drink to thee: and be not afraid.

SEC. 'PREN. Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy master: fight for credit of the 'prentices. 71

PETER. I thank you all: drink, and pray for me, I pray you; for I think I have taken my last draught in this world. Here, Robin, an if I die, I give thee my apron: and, Will, thou shalt have my hammer: and here, Tom, take all the money that I have. O Lord bless me! I pray God! for I am never able to deal with my master, he hath learnt so much fence already.

SAL. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows. Sirrah, what's thy name? 80

PETER. Peter, forsooth.

SAL. Peter! what more?

PETER. Thump.

SAL. Thump! then see thou thump thy master well.

HOR. Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon my man's instigation, to prove him a knave and myself an honest man: and touching the Duke of York, I will take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the king,

---

63 *charneco*] common sweet wine, from the name of a village near Lisbon.  
87-88 *take my death*] undergo death, stake my life.



nor the queen: and therefore, Peter, have at thee with  
a downright blow! 90

YORK. Dispatch: this knave's tongue begins to double.  
Sound, trumpets, alarum to the combatants!

*[Alarum. They fight, and Peter strikes him down.]*

HOR. Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I confess treason.

*[Dies.]*

YORK. Take away his weapon. Fellow, thank God,  
and the good wine in thy master's way.

PETER. O God, have I overcome mine enemy in this  
presence? O Peter, thou hast prevailed in right!

KING. Go, take hence that traitor from our sight;  
For by his death we do perceive his guilt:  
And God in justice hath reveal'd to us 100  
The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,  
Which he had thought to have murder'd wrongfully.  
Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward.

*[Sound a flourish. Exeunt.]*

#### SCENE IV — A STREET

*Enter GLOUCESTER and his Serving-men, in mourning cloaks*

GLOU. Thus sometimes hath the brightest day a  
cloud;

And after summer evermore succeeds

---

90 *downright blow*] Warburton, Malone, and others insert here from the  
Quartos the following words, which are omitted from the Folios, as  
*Bevis of Southampton fell upon Ascapart. Ascapart was the old giant*  
whom, according to legend, Bevis of Southampton slew.

95 *in thy master's way*] which disabled thy master.

Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold:  
So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.  
Sirs, what's o'clock?

SERV. Ten, my lord.

GLOU. Ten is the hour that was appointed me  
To watch the coming of my punish'd duchess:  
Uneath may she endure the flinty streets,  
To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.  
Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook 10  
The abject people gazing on thy face,  
With envious looks laughing at thy shame,  
That erst did follow thy proud chariot-wheels,  
When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.  
But, soft! I think she comes; and I'll prepare  
My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries.

*Enter the DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER in a white sheet, and a taper  
burning in her hand; with SIR JOHN STANLEY, the Sheriff,  
and Officers*

SERV. So please your grace, we'll take her from the  
sheriff.

GLOU. No, stir not, for your lives; let her pass by.

DUCH. Come you, my lord, to see my open shame?  
Now thou dost penance too. Look how they gaze! 20  
See how the giddy multitude do point,  
And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee!

8 *Uneath*] Uneasily, hardly, with difficulty.

12 *envious*] malicious. Cf. line 23, *infra*: "hateful looks" (*i. e.*, looks full of hatred).

Ah, Gloucester, hide thee from their hateful looks,  
 And, in thy closet pent up, rue my shame,  
 And ban thine enemies, both mine and thine!

GLOU. Be patient, gentle Nell; forget this grief.

DUCH. Ah, Gloucester, teach me to forget myself!  
 For whilst I think I am thy married wife,  
 And thou a prince, protector of this land,  
 Methinks I should not thus be led along, 30  
 Mail'd up in shame, with papers on my back,  
 And follow'd with a rabble that rejoice  
 To see my tears and hear my deep-fet groans.  
 The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet,  
 And when I start, the envious people laugh,  
 And bid me be advised how I tread.

Ah, Humphrey, can I bear this shameful yoke?

Trow'st thou that e'er I'll look upon the world,

Or count them happy that enjoy the sun?

No; dark shall be my light and night my day; 40

To think upon my pomp shall be my hell.

Sometime I'll say, I am Duke Humphrey's wife,

And he a prince and ruler of the land:

Yet so he ruled, and such a prince he was,

As he stood by whilst I, his forlorn duchess,

23 *hateful*] full of hatred. Cf. line 12, *supra*: "envious looks."

24 *rue*] pity.

31 *Mail'd up in shame*] Wrapped, bundled up in the disgraceful sheet of penance. Cf. Drayton's *England's Heroicall Epistles* 1598,—“Elinor Cobham to Duke Humphrey”: “See me *mayld vp in a sheete* Doe shamefull penaunce three times in the streete.”

33 *deep-fet*] deep-fetched.

Was made a wonder and a pointing-stock  
 To every idle rascal follower.  
 But be thou mild and blush not at my shame,  
 Nor stir at nothing till the axe of death  
 Hang over thee, as, sure, it shortly will; 50  
 For Suffolk — he that can do all in all  
 With her that hateth thee and hates us all —  
 And York and impious Beaufort, that false priest,  
 Have all limed bushes to betray thy wings,  
 And, fly thou how thou canst, they'll tangle thee:  
 But fear not thou, until thy foot be snared,  
 Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.

    GLOU. Ah, Nell, forbear! thou aimest all awry;  
 I must offend before I be attainted;  
 And had I twenty times so many foes, 60  
 And each of them had twenty times their power,  
 All these could not procure me any scathe,  
 So long as I am loyal, true and crimeless.  
 Wouldst have me rescue thee from this reproach?  
 Why, yet thy scandal were not wiped away,  
 But I in danger for the breach of law.  
 Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Nell:  
 I pray thee, sort thy heart to patience;  
 These few days' wonder will be quickly worn.

54 *limed*] smeared with birdlime. Cf. I, iii, 86, *supra*: "myself have  
*limed a bush* for her."

57 *seek prevention of thy foes*] seek to prevent thy foes from carrying out  
 their schemes against you.

62 *scathe*] hurt, harm; the word is only retained in modern use in  
 "scatheless" and "unscathed."

68 *sort*] adapt, suit.

*Enter a Herald*

HER. I summon your grace to his majesty's parliament,  
Holden at Bury the first of this next month. 70

GLOU. And my consent ne'er ask'd herein before!  
This is close dealing. Well, I will be there.

*[Exit Herald.]*

My Nell, I take my leave: and, master sheriff,  
Let not her penance exceed the king's commission.

SHER. An 't please your grace, here my commission  
stays,  
And Sir John Stanley is appointed now  
To take her with him to the Isle of Man.

GLOU. Must you, Sir John, protect my lady here?

STAN. So am I given in charge, may't please your  
grace. 80

GLOU. Entreat her not the worst in that I pray  
You use her well: the world may laugh again;  
And I may live to do you kindness if  
You do it her: and so, Sir John, farewell!

DUCH. What, gone, my lord, and bid me not farewell!

GLOU. Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak.  
*[Exeunt Gloucester and Serving-men.]*

DUCH. Art thou gone too? all comfort go with thee!  
For none abides with me: my joy is death, —  
Death, at whose name I oft have been afraid,

73 *close*] crafty.

82 *the world may laugh again*] things may smile yet, luck may turn.

SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI ACT II

---

Because I wish'd this world's eternity. 90

Stanley, I prithee, go, and take me hence;

I care not whither, for I beg no favour,

Only convey me where thou art commanded.

STAN. Why, madam, that is to the Isle of Man;  
There to be used according to your state.

DUCH. That's bad enough, for I am but reproach:  
And shall I then be used reproachfully?

STAN. Like to a duchess, and Duke Humphrey's  
lady;  
According to that state you shall be used.

DUCH. Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare, 100  
Although thou hast been conduct of my shame.

SHER. It is my office; and, madam, pardon me.

DUCH. Ay, ay, farewell; thy office is discharged.  
Come, Stanley, shall we go?

STAN. Madam, your penance done, throw off this  
sheet,

And go we to attire you for our journey.

DUCH. My shame will not be shifted with my sheet:

No, it will hang upon my richest robes,

And show itself, attire me how I can. 109

Go, lead the way; I long to see my prison. [*Exeunt.*]

---

100-101 *Sheriff . . . shame*] Sheriff, farewell, and may you fare better than I, although thou hast acted as conductor or guardian of me in my shame.

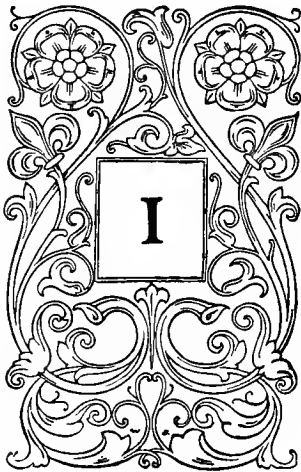


ACT THIRD — SCENE I

THE ABBEY AT BURY ST EDMUND'S

*Sound a Sennet. Enter KING, QUEEN, CARDINAL BEAUFORT, SUFFOLK, YORK, BUCKINGHAM, SALISBURY and WARWICK to the Parliament*

KING



MUSE MY LORD OF  
Gloucester is not come:  
'Tis not his wont to be the  
hindmost man,  
Whate'er occasion keeps him  
from us now.

QUEEN. Can you not see?  
or will ye not observe  
The strangeness of his alter'd  
countenance?  
With what a majesty he bears  
himself,  
How insolent of late he is  
become,

How proud, how peremptory, and unlike himself?  
We know the time since he was mild and affable,  
And if we did but glance a far-off look,

10

10 *glance . . . look*] give a perfunctory glance at him.

Immediately he was upon his knee,  
 That all the court admired him for submission:  
 But meet him now, and, be it in the morn,  
 When every one will give the time of day,  
 He knits his brow and shows an angry eye,  
 And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee,  
 Disdaining duty that to us belongs.  
 Small curs are not regarded when they grin;  
 But great men tremble when the lion roars;  
 And Humphrey is no little man in England. 20  
 First note that he is near you in descent,  
 And should you fall, he is the next will mount.  
 Me seemeth then it is no policy,  
 Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears,  
 And his advantage following your decease,  
 That he should come about your royal person,  
 Or be admitted to your highness' council.  
 By flattery hath he won the commons' hearts,  
 And when he please to make commotion,  
 'T is to be fear'd they all will follow him. 30  
 Now 't is the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted;  
 Suffer them now, and they'll o'ergrow the garden,  
 And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.  
 The reverent care I bear unto my lord  
 Made me collect these dangers in the duke.  
 If it be fond, call it a woman's fear;

18 *grin*] growl. Cf. *Venus and Adonis*, 459: "the wolf doth *grin* before he barketh."

23-24 *it is no policy, Respecting*] it is not good policy, it is unwise considering.

35 *collect*] note, observe.



Which fear if better reasons can supplant,  
 I will subscribe and say I wrong'd the duke.  
 My Lord of Suffolk, Buckingham, and York,  
 Reprove my allegation, if you can; 40  
 Or else conclude my words effectual.

SUF. Well hath your highness seen into this duke;  
 And, had I first been put to speak my mind,  
 I think I should have told your grace's tale.  
 The duchess by his subornation,  
 Upon my life, began her devilish practices:  
 Or, if he were not privy to those faults,  
 Yet, by reputed of his high descent,  
 As next the king he was successive heir,  
 And such high vaunts of his nobility, 50  
 Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick duchess  
 By wicked means to frame our sovereign's fall.  
 Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep;  
 And in his simple show he harbours treason.  
 The fox barks not when he would steal the lamb.  
 No, no, my sovereign; Gloucester is a man  
 Unsounded yet and full of deep deceit.

CAR. Did he not, contrary to form of law,  
 Devise strange deaths for small offences done?

YORK. And did he not, in his protectorship, 60  
 Levy great sums of money through the realm  
 For soldiers' pay in France, and never sent it?  
 By means whereof the towns each day revolted.

40 *Reprove*] Refute.

48 *reputing of*] valuing himself upon, pluming himself on.

54 *simple show*] artless aspect, appearance of innocence.

THE SECOND PART OF ACT III

BUCK. Tut, these are petty faults to faults unknown,  
Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke  
Humphrey.

KING. My lords, at once: the care you have of us,  
To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,  
Is worthy praise: but, shall I speak my conscience,  
Our kinsman Gloucester is as innocent  
From meaning treason to our royal person, 70  
As is the sucking lamb or harmless dove:  
The Duke is virtuous, mild and too well given  
To dream on evil or to work my downfall.

QUEEN. Ah, what's more dangerous than this fond  
affiance!  
Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrow'd,  
For he's disposed as the hateful raven:  
Is he a lamb? his skin is surely lent him,  
For he's inclined as is the ravenous wolf.  
Who cannot steal a shape that means deceit?  
Take heed, my lord; the welfare of us all 80  
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudulent man.

*Enter SOMERSET*

SOM. All health unto my gracious sovereign!

KING. Welcome, Lord Somerset. What news from  
France?

64 *to*] as compared to.

66 *at once*] in one word.

72 *well given*] well disposed. Cf. *Jul. Cæs.*, I, ii, 197: "He is a noble  
Roman and *well given*."

74 *fond affiance*] foolish confidence.

SOM. That all your interest in those territories  
Is utterly bereft you; all is lost.

KING. Cold news, Lord Somerset: but God's will be  
done!

YORK. [*Aside*] Cold news for me; for I had hope of  
France

As firmly as I hope for fertile England.

Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,

And caterpillars eat my leaves away;

But I will remedy this gear ere long,

Or sell my title for a glorious grave.

90

*Enter GLOUCESTER*

GLOU. All happiness unto my lord the king!  
Pardon, my liege, that I have stay'd so long.

SUF. Nay, Gloucester, know that thou art come too  
soon,

Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art:

I do arrest thee of high treason here.

GLOU. Well, Suffolk, thou shalt not see me blush,  
Nor change my countenance for this arrest:

A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.

100

The purest spring is not so free from mud

As I am clear from treason to my sovereign:

Who can accuse me? wherein am I guilty?

YORK. 'T is thought, my lord, that you took bribes  
of France,

---

87-88 *Cold news . . . fertile England*] These lines are, with very slight  
verbal change, a repetition of I, i, 232-233, *supra*.

THE SECOND PART OF ACT III

And, being protector, stay'd the soldiers' pay;  
By means whereof his highness hath lost France.

GLOU. Is it but thought so? what are they that  
think it?

I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay,  
Nor ever had one penny bribe from France.  
So help me God, as I have watch'd the night, 110  
Ay, night by night, in studying good for England!  
That do it that e'er I wrested from the king,  
Or any groat I hoarded to my use,  
Be brought against me at my trial-day!  
No; many a pound of mine own proper store,  
Because I would not tax the needy commons,  
Have I dispursed to the garrisons,  
And never ask'd for restitution.

CAR. It serves you well, my lord, to say so much.

GLOU. I say no more than truth, so help me God! 120

YORK. In your protectorship you did devise  
Strange tortures for offenders never heard of,  
That England was defamed by tyranny.

GLOU. Why, 't is well known that, whiles I was  
protector,  
Pity was all the fault that was in me;  
For I should melt at an offender's tears,  
And lowly words were ransom for their fault.  
Unless it were a bloody murderer,  
Or foul felonious thief that fleeced poor passengers,

115 *proper store*] personal property, private fortune.

117 *dispursed*] disbursed.

123 *That . . . tyranny*] So that England was disgraced by tyrannical rule.

I never gave them condign punishment: 130  
 Murder indeed, that bloody sin, I tortured  
 Above the felon or what trespass else.

SUF. My lord, these faults are easy, quickly answer'd :  
 But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,  
 Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.  
 I do arrest you in his highness' name ;  
 And here commit you to my lord cardinal  
 To keep, until your further time of trial.

KING. My Lord of Gloucester, 't is my special hope  
 That you will clear yourself from all suspect: 140  
 My conscience tells me you are innocent.

GLOU. Ah, gracious lord, these days are dangerous :  
 Virtue is choked with foul ambition,  
 And charity chased hence by rancour's hand ;  
 Foul subornation is predominant,  
 And equity exiled your highness' land.  
 I know their complot is to have my life ;  
 And if my death might make this island happy,  
 And prove the period of their tyranny,  
 I would expend it with all willingness: 150  
 But mine is made the prologue to their play ;  
 For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,  
 Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.  
 Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,

132 *Above the felon . . . else*] More severely than the offence of the felonious thief or any other crime; "what" means "whatever."

133 *easy*] slight.

140 *suspect*] suspicion. The Folios read *suspense*. The correction is Capell's. Cf. I, iii, 134, *supra*: "the *suspect* is great."



QUEEN. But I can give the loser leave to chide.

GLOU. Far truer spoke than meant: I lose, indeed;  
Beshrew the winners, for they play'd me false!  
And well such losers may have leave to speak.

BUCK. He'll wrest the sense and hold us here all day:  
Lord cardinal, he is your prisoner.

CAR. Sirs, take away the duke, and guard him sure.

GLOU. Ah! thus King Henry throws away his crutch,  
Before his legs be firm to bear his body. 190

Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,  
And wolves are gnarling who shall gnaw thee first.  
Ah, that my fear were false! ah, that it were!

For, good King Henry, thy decay I fear. [*Exit, guarded.*]

KING. My lords, what to your wisdoms seemeth best,  
Do or undo, as if ourself were here.

QUEEN. What, will your highness leave the parlia-  
ment?

KING. Ay, Margaret; my heart is drown'd with grief,  
Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes,  
My body round engirt with misery, 200  
For what's more miserable than discontent?  
Ah, uncle Humphrey! in thy face I see  
The map of honour, truth and loyalty:  
And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come  
That e'er I proved thee false or fear'd thy faith.  
What louring star now envies thy estate,  
That these great lords and Margaret our queen  
Do seek subversion of thy harmless life?  
Thou never didst them wrong nor no man wrong;

192 *gnarling*] snarling.

THE SECOND PART OF ACT III

And as the butcher takes away the calf, 210  
 And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,  
 Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house,  
 Even so remorseless have they borne him hence;  
 And as the dam runs lowing up and down,  
 Looking the way her harmless young one went,  
 And can do nought but wail her darling's loss,  
 Even so myself bewails good Gloucester's case  
 With sad unhelpful tears, and with dimm'd eyes  
 Look after him and cannot do him good,  
 So mighty are his vowed enemies. 220  
 His fortunes I will weep, and 'twixt each groan  
 Say "Who's a traitor? Gloucester he is none."

[*Exeunt all but Queen, Cardinal Beaufort, Suffolk,  
 and York. Somerset remains apart.*]

QUEEN. Free lords, cold snow melts with the sun's  
 hot beams.

Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,  
 Too full of foolish pity, and Gloucester's show  
 Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile  
 With sorrow snares relenting passengers,  
 Or as the snake roll'd in a flowering bank,  
 With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a child  
 That for the beauty thinks it excellent. 230

211 *binds the wretch . . . strays*] ties a halter about the calf's neck and beats it when it tries to get loose.

223 *Free lords*] Thus the Folios. *Fair lords* and *My lords* are suggested emendations. Probably the original reading means "lords free from the compassionate scruples of the king," "unfettered by sentimentality."

225 *show*] specious show of innocence.



Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I —  
 And yet herein I judge mine own wit good —  
 This Gloucester should be quickly rid the world,  
 To rid us from the fear we have of him.

CAR. That he should die is worthy policy;  
 But yet we want a colour for his death:  
 'T is meet he be condemn'd by course of law.

SUF. But, in my mind, that were no policy:  
 The king will labour still to save his life,  
 The commons haply rise, to save his life; 240  
 And yet we have but trivial argument,  
 More than mistrust, that shows him worthy death.

YORK. So that, by this, you would not have him die.

SUF. Ah, York, no man alive so fain as I!

YORK. 'T is York that hath more reason for his death.  
 But, my lord cardinal, and you, my Lord of Suffolk,  
 Say as you think, and speak it from your souls:  
 Were 't not all one, an empty eagle were set  
 To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,  
 As place Duke Humphrey for the king's protector? 250

QUEEN. So the poor chicken should be sure of death.

SUF. Madam, 't is true; and were 't not madness, then,

236 *colour*] pretext.

252-260 *were 't not madness . . . by reasons, to my liege*] The meaning is,  
 "It were madness to make the fox guardian of the sheepfold. He is  
 a crafty murderer by nature, and his potential guilt must not be lightly  
 slurred over or ignored, because his purpose of murder be foiled.  
 Duke Humphrey, sharing the nature of a fox, deserves death." In other  
 words, Humphrey is proved by sound arguments or reasons an enemy  
 to his king as completely as the fox, even before he has shed the  
 sheep's blood, is proved by nature an enemy to the flock (line 258).

To make the fox surveyor of the fold?  
 Who being accused a crafty murderer,  
 His guilt should be but idly posted over,  
 Because his purpose is not executed.  
 No; let him die, in that he is a fox,  
 By nature proved an enemy to the flock,  
 Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood,  
 As Humphrey, proved by reasons, to my liege. 260  
 And do not stand on quillets how to slay him:  
 Be it by gins, by snares, by subtlety,  
 Sleeping or waking, 't is no matter how,  
 So he be dead; for that is good deceit  
 Which mates him first that first intends deceit.

QUEEN. Thrice-noble Suffolk, 't is resolutely spoke.

SUF. Not resolute, except so much were done;  
 For things are often spoke and seldom meant:  
 But that my heart accordeth with my tongue,  
 Seeing the deed is meritorious, 270  
 And to preserve my sovereign from his foe,  
 Say but the word, and I will be his priest.

CAR. But I would have him dead, my Lord of Suffolk,  
 Ere you can take due orders for a priest:  
 Say you consent and censure well the deed,

260 *reasons*] arguments. Thus the original editions. Many modern editors substitute *reason*, and a few *treason*. But no change is needed.

261 *stand on quillets*] depend on legal niceties.

265 *mates*] overcomes, subdues. Cf. Marlowe's *Faustus*, cho. 2: "Mars did *mate* the Carthaginians."

272 *be his priest*] render him the last rites in death.

275 *censure well*] judge well, approve.

And I'll provide his executioner,  
I tender so the safety of my liege.

SUF. Here is my hand, the deed is worthy doing.

QUEEN. And so say I.

YORK. And I: and now we three have spoke it, 280  
It skills not greatly who impugns our doom.

*Enter a Post*

POST. Great lords, from Ireland am I come amain,  
To signify that rebels there are up,  
And put the Englishmen unto the sword:  
Send succours, lords, and stop the rage betime,  
Before the wound do grow uncurable;  
For, being green, there is great hope of help.

CAR. A breach that craves a quick expedient stop!  
What counsel give you in this weighty cause?

YORK. That Somerset be sent as regent thither: 290  
'T is meet that lucky ruler be employ'd;  
Witness the fortune he hath had in France.

SOM. If York, with all his far-fet policy,  
Had been the regent there instead of me,  
He never would have stay'd in France so long.

YORK. No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done:  
I rather would have lost my life betimes  
Than bring a burthen of dishonour home,  
By staying there so long till all were lost.  
Show me one scar character'd on thy skin: 300  
Men's flesh preserved so whole do seldom win.

281 *It skills not . . . doom*] It is no great matter who contests our  
decision.

THE SECOND PART OF ACT III

QUEEN. Nay, then, this spark will prove a raging  
fire,

If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with:  
No more, good York; sweet Somerset, be still:  
Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent there,  
Might happily have proved far worse than his.

YORK. What, worse than nought? nay, then, a  
shame take all!

SOM. And, in the number, thee that wishest shame!

CAR. My Lord of York, try what your fortune is.  
The uncivil kernes of Ireland are in arms, 310  
And temper clay with blood of Englishman:  
To Ireland will you lead a band of men,  
Collected choicely, from each county some,  
And try your hap against the Irishmen?

YORK. I will, my lord, so please his majesty.

SUF. Why, our authority is his consent,  
And what we do establish he confirms:  
Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.

YORK. I am content: provide me soldiers, lords,  
Whiles I take order for mine own affairs. 320

SUF. A charge, Lord York, that I will see perform'd.  
But now return we to the false Duke Humphrey.

CAR. No more of him; for I will deal with him,  
That henceforth he shall trouble us no more.

306 *happily*] perchance.

310 *uncivil kernes*] uncivilized light-armed footsoldiers of Ireland. Cf.  
lines 361 and 367, *infra*, and *Rich. II*, II, i, 156, "those rough  
rugheaded *kernes*."

320 *take order*] take measures, arrange.

And so break off; the day is almost spent:

Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that event.

YORK. My Lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days  
At Bristol I expect my soldiers;

For there I'll ship them all for Ireland.

SUF. I'll see it truly done, my Lord of York. 330

*[Exeunt all but York.]*

YORK. Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful  
thoughts,

And change misdoubt to resolution:

Be that thou hopest to be, or what thou art

Resign to death; it is not worth the enjoying:

Let pale-faced fear keep with the mean-born man,

And find no harbour in a royal heart.

Faster than spring-time showers comes thought on  
thought,

And not a thought but thinks on dignity.

My brain more busy than the labouring spider

Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies. 340

Well, nobles, well, 't is politicly done,

To send me packing with an host of men:

I fear me you but warm the starved snake,

Who, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting your hearts.

'T was men I lack'd, and you will give them me:

I take it kindly; yet be well assured

You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.

Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,

I will stir up in England some black storm

Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven or hell; 350

331 *steel*] harden, make resolute.

THE SECOND PART OF      ACT III

---

And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage  
 Until the golden circuit on my head,  
 Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,  
 Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw.  
 And, for a minister of my intent,  
 I have seduced a headstrong Kentishman,  
 John Cade of Ashford,  
 To make commotion, as full well he can,  
 Under the title of John Mortimer.  
 In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade 360  
 Oppose himself against a troop of kernes,  
 And fought so long, till that his thighs with darts  
 Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porpentine;  
 And, in the end being rescued, I have seen  
 Him caper upright like a wild Morisco,  
 Shaking the bloody darts as he his bells.  
 Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty kerne,  
 Hath he conversed with the enemy,  
 And undiscover'd come to me again,  
 And given me notice of their villanies. 370  
 This devil here shall be my substitute;  
 For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,  
 In face, in gait, in speech, he doth resemble:

352 *the golden circuit*] the golden circlet, the diadem. Cf. *Macb.*, I, v, 25:  
 "the golden round [*i. e.*, crown]."

354 *mad-bred flaw*] violent squall or gust of wind.

361 *kernes*] See note on line 310, *supra*; cf. line 367, *infra*.

363 *porpentine*] the common Elizabethan form of "porcupine."

365 *Morisco*] Morris-dancer, to whose legs small bells (line 366) were  
 attached. Florio (*Ital. Dict.*) defines "Moresca" as "a kind of  
 morice or antique dance after the Moorish or Ethiopian fashion."

By this I shall perceive the commons' mind,  
 How they affect the house and claim of York.  
 Say he be taken, rack'd and tortured,  
 I know no pain they can inflict upon him  
 Will make him say I moved him to those arms.  
 Say that he thrive, as 't is great like he will,  
 Why, then from Ireland come I with my strength, 380  
 And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd;  
 For Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,  
 And Henry put apart, the next for me. [Exit.]

## SCENE II — BURY ST EDMUND'S

## A ROOM OF STATE

*Enter certain Murderers, hastily*

FIRST MUR. Run to my Lord of Suffolk; let him know  
 We have dispatch'd the duke, as he commanded.

SEC. MUR. O that it were to do! What have we  
 done?

Didst ever hear a man so penitent?

*Enter SUFFOLK*

FIRST MUR. Here comes my lord.

SUF. Now, sirs, have you dispatch'd this thing?

FIRST MUR. Ay, my good lord, he's dead.

378 *moved . . . arms*] instigated him to take up arms or to collect armed bands. "Arms" is used in the sense of "armed bands," *infra*, IV, ix, 29, "His *arms*," and V, i, 18, "these *arms*," and 39, "thy *arms*."

379 *great like*] greatly like, very probable.

THE SECOND PART OF ACT III

SUF. Why, that's well said. Go, get you to my  
house;

I will reward you for this venturous deed.

The king and all the peers are here at hand.

10

Have you laid fair the bed? Is all things well,

According as I gave directions?

FIRST MUR. 'T is, my good lord.

SUF. Away! be gone.

[*Exeunt Murderers.*]

*Sound trumpets. Enter the KING, the QUEEN, CARDINAL  
BEAUFORT, SOMERSET, with Attendants*

KING. Go, call our uncle to our presence straight;  
Say we intend to try his grace to-day,  
If he be guilty, as 't is published.

SUF. I'll call him presently, my noble lord. [*Exit.*]

KING. Lords, take your places; and, I pray you all,  
Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle Gloucester  
Than from true evidence of good esteem  
He be approved in practice culpable.

20

QUEEN. God forbid any malice should prevail,  
That faultless may condemn a nobleman!  
Pray God he may acquit him of suspicion!

KING. I thank thee, Nell; these words content me  
much.

---

11 *Is*] Thus the First Folio, for which the Second and Third Folios substitute *are*. But '*T is*' (line 13) renders a change undesirable. "All things" is equivalent to "everything." The singular verb with the plural subject is no uncommon construction in Shakespeare.

22 *approved . . . culpable*] proved guilty of treasonable practice.

26 *Nell*] Thus the original editions. The dramatist addresses Queen



*Re-enter SUFFOLK*

How now! why look'st thou pale? why tremblest thou?  
Where is our uncle? what's the matter, Suffolk?

SUF. Dead in his bed, my lord; Gloucester is dead.

QUEEN. Marry, God forfend! 30

CAR. God's secret judgement: I did dream to-night  
The duke was dumb and could not speak a word.

*[The King swoons.]*

QUEEN. How fares my lord? Help, lords! the king  
is dead.

SOM. Rear up his body; wring him by the nose.

QUEEN. Run, go, help, help! O Henry, ope thine  
eyes!

SUF. He doth revive again: madam, be patient.

KING. O heavenly God!

QUEEN. How fares my gracious lord?

SUF. Comfort, my sovereign! gracious Henry, com-  
fort!

KING. What, doth my Lord of Suffolk comfort me?  
Came he right now to sing a raven's note, 40  
Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers;  
And thinks he that the chirping of a wren,  
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,  
Can chase away the first-conceived sound?

---

Margaret by this name by an oversight. He was thinking of the Duke of Gloucester's wife, Eleanor. The error of substituting Eleanor's name for Margaret's is thrice repeated in lines 79, 100, and 120, *infra*.

40 *right now*] just now.

THE SECOND PART OF      ACT III

---

Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words;  
 Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say;  
 Their touch affrights me as a serpent's sting.  
 Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!  
 Upon thy eye-balls murderous tyranny  
 Sits in grim majesty, to fright the world.      50  
 Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding:  
 Yet do not go away: come, basilisk,  
 And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight;  
 For in the shade of death I shall find joy;  
 In life but double death, now Gloucester's dead.

QUEEN. Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolk thus?  
 Although the duke was enemy to him,  
 Yet he most Christian-like laments his death:  
 And for myself, foe as he was to me,  
 Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans,      60  
 Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life,  
 I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,  
 Look pale as primrose with blood-drinking sighs,  
 And all to have the noble duke alive.  
 What know I how the world may deem of me?  
 For it is known we were but hollow friends:  
 It may be judged I made the duke away;  
 So shall my name with slander's tongue be wounded,

---

<sup>52</sup> *basilisk*] according to Pliny's *Natural History*, Book XXIX, pp. 356-357 (translated by Holland), the basilisk was a serpent who killed any man who looked at it. Cf. III, ii, 324, *infra*: "murdering *basilisks!*"  
<sup>63</sup> *blood-drinking sighs*] Cf. line 61, "blood-consuming sighs," and 3 *Hen. VI*, IV, iv, 22, "blood-sucking sighs." It was a common belief that every sigh absorbed a drop of blood.

And princes' courts be fill'd with my reproach.  
 This get I by his death: ay me, unhappy! 70  
 To be a queen, and crown'd with infamy!

KING. Ah, woe is me for Gloucester, wretched  
 man!

QUEEN. Be woe for me, more wretched than he is.  
 What, dost thou turn away and hide thy face?  
 I am no loathsome leper; look on me.  
 What! art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?  
 Be poisonous too and kill thy forlorn queen.  
 Is all thy comfort shut in Gloucester's tomb?  
 Why, then, dame Eleanor was ne'er thy joy.  
 Erect his statuë and worship it, 80  
 And make my image but an alehouse sign.  
 Was I for this nigh wreck'd upon the sea,  
 And twice by awkward wind from England's bank  
 Drove back again unto my native clime?  
 What boded this, but well forewarning wind  
 Did seem to say "Seek not a scorpion's nest,  
 Nor set no footing on this unkind shore"?  
 What did I then, but cursed the gentle gusts,

73 *Be woe for me*] Grieve for me (not for Gloucester).

76 *adder, waxen deaf*] Cf. *Psalms* lviii, 4: "like the *deaf adder*, which stoppeth her ear, which will not listen to the voice of charmers."

79 *Eleanor*] See note on line 26, *supra*, and cf. 100 and 120, *infra*.

80 *statuë*] The Folios read *statue*. The form "statua" is more common in Elizabethan literature. The word was invariably pronounced as a trisyllable.

83 *awkward wind . . . bank*] adverse wind . . . shore.

88 *gentle gusts*] the epithet here, like "well forewarning (wind)" in line 85, and "pretty-vaulting (sea)" in line 94, implies that the speaker credits



And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart,  
 And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles,  
 For losing ken of Albion's wished coast.  
 How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue,  
 The agent of thy foul inconstancy,  
 To sit and witch me, as Ascanius did,  
 When he to madding Dido would unfold  
 His father's acts commenced in burning Troy!  
 Am I not witch'd like her? or thou not false like him?  
 Ay me, I can no more! die, Eleanor! 120  
 For Henry weeps that thou dost live so long.

*Noise within. Enter WARWICK, SALISBURY, and many  
 Commons*

WAR. It is reported, mighty sovereign,  
 That good Duke Humphrey traitorously is murder'd  
 By Suffolk and the Cardinal Beaufort's means.  
 The commons, like an angry hive of bees  
 That want their leader, scatter up and down,  
 And care not who they sting in his revenge.

111 *bid . . . heart*] ordered my eyes to hurry after the heart-shaped jewel flung into the sea. Cf. lines 106-107.

116 *witch*] Theobald's emendation of the Folio reading *watch*. "Witch" for "bewitch" is not uncommon. The word is similarly used in line 119.

116-118 *Ascanius . . . Troy*] The Virgilian story is much misrepresented here. It was Cupid in the disguise of Æneas's son Ascanius, who, sitting in Dido's lap, infected her with love of his father. It was Æneas himself who told of his "acts commenced in burning Troy."

117 *madding*] on the point of going mad with love.

120 *Eleanor*] See note on line 26, *supra*, and cf. 79 and 100.

THE SECOND PART OF ACT III

Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny,  
Until they hear the order of his death. 129

KING. That he is dead, good Warwick, 't is too true;  
But how he died God knows, not Henry:  
Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,  
And comment then upon his sudden death.

WAR. That shall I do, my liege. Stay, Salisbury,  
With the rude multitude till I return. [Exit.]

KING. O Thou that judgest all things, stay my  
thoughts,  
My thoughts, that labour to persuade my soul  
Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's life!  
If my suspect be false, forgive me, God;  
For judgement only doth belong to Thee. 140  
Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips  
With twenty thousand kisses, and to drain  
Upon his face an ocean of salt tears,  
To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,  
And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling:  
But all in vain are these mean obsequies;  
And to survey his dead and earthy image,  
What were it but to make my sorrow greater?

*Re-enter WARWICK and others, bearing GLOUCESTER'S body  
on a bed*

WAR. Come hither, gracious sovereign, view this body.

KING. That is to see how deep my grave is made;  
For with his soul fled all my worldly solace, 151  
For seeing him I see my life in death.

129 *order*] manner.

152 *my life in death*] my life in the condition of death, my own death.

WAR. As surely as my soul intends to live  
With that dread King, that took our state upon  
him

To free us from his father's wrathful curse,  
I do believe that violent hands were laid  
Upon the life of this thrice-famed duke.

SUF. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue!  
What instance gives Lord Warwick for his vow?

WAR. See how the blood is settled in his face. 160  
Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,  
Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale and bloodless  
Being all descended to the labouring heart;  
Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,  
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy;  
Which with the heart there cools and ne'er returneth  
To blush and beautify the cheek again.  
But see, his face is black and full of blood,  
His eye-balls further out than when he lived,  
Staring full ghastly like a strangled man; 170  
His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling;  
His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd

159 *instance*] proof, evidence.

161 *a timely-parted ghost*] the body of one who has departed from life in nature's own good time. The expression is the antithesis of "timeless [*i. e.*, premature] death" in line 187, *infra*.

163 *Being all descended*] The subject is evidently "the blood" (line 160); this antecedent is suggested by "bloodless" at the end of the preceding line (162).

165 *the same*] the blood; see line 160.

172 *abroad display'd*] stretched out broad or wide, with the fingers spread.

THE SECOND PART OF ACT III

And tugg'd for life and was by strength subdued:  
 Look, on the sheets his hair, you see, is sticking;  
 His well-proportion'd beard made rough and rugged,  
 Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodged.  
 It cannot be but he was murder'd here;  
 The least of all these signs were probable.

SUF. Why, Warwick, who should do the duke to  
 death?

Myself and Beaufort had him in protection; 180  
 And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers.

WAR. But both of you were vow'd Duke Humphrey's  
 foes,

And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep:  
 'T is like you would not feast him like a friend;  
 And 't is well seen he found an enemy.

QUEEN. Then you, belike, suspect these noblemen  
 As guilty of Duke Humphrey's timeless death.

WAR. Who finds the heifer dead and bleeding fresh,  
 And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,  
 But will suspect 't was he that made the slaughter? 190  
 Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,  
 But may imagine how the bird was dead,  
 Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak?  
 Even so suspicious is this tragedy.

QUEEN. Are you the butcher, Suffolk? Where's  
 your knife?

Is Beaufort term'd a kite? Where are his talons?

176 *lodged*] beaten down; a common provincial use as applied to corn  
 flattened by wind or rain.

187 *timeless*] premature. Cf. line 161, *supra*: "timely-parted," and note.



SUF. I wear no knife to slaughter sleeping men;  
 But here's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,  
 That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart  
 That slanders me with murder's crimson badge. 200  
 Say, if thou darest, proud Lord of Warwickshire,  
 That I am faulty in Duke Humphrey's death.

[*Exeunt Cardinal, Somerset, and others.*]

WAR. What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare  
 him?

QUEEN. He dares not calm his contumelious spirit,  
 Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,  
 Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times.

WAR. Madam, be still; with reverence may I say;  
 For every word you speak in his behalf  
 Is slander to your royal dignity.

SUF. Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour! 210  
 If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,  
 Thy mother took into her blameful bed  
 Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock  
 Was graft with crab-tree slip; whose fruit thou art  
 And never of the Nevils' noble race.

WAR. But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee,  
 And I should rob the deathsman of his fee,  
 Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,  
 And that my sovereign's presence makes me mild,  
 I would, false murderous coward, on thy knee 220  
 Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech,

205 *controller*] censorious critic.

216 *bucklers*] shields.

218 *Quitting*] Acquitting, releasing, freeing.

And say it was thy mother that thou meant'st,  
That thou thyself wast born in bastardy;  
And after all this fearful homage done,  
Give thee thy hire and send thy soul to hell,  
Pernicious blood-sucker of sleeping men!

SUF. Thou shalt be waking while I shed thy blood,  
If from this presence thou darest go with me.

WAR. Away even now, or I will drag thee hence:  
Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee 230  
And do some service to Duke Humphrey's ghost.

*[Exeunt Suffolk and Warwick.]*

KING. What stronger breastplate than a heart  
untainted!

Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just,  
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,  
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

*[A noise within.]*

QUEEN. What noise is this?

*Re-enter SUFFOLK and WARWICK, with their weapons drawn*

KING. Why, how now, lords! your wrathful weapons  
drawn

Here in our presence! dare you be so bold?  
Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?

SUF. The traitorous Warwick with the men of Bury  
Set all upon me, mighty sovereign. 241

SAL. *[to the Commons, entering]* Sirs, stand apart; the  
king shall know your mind.

Dread lord, the commons send you word by me,  
Unless Lord Suffolk straight be done to death,

Or banished fair England's territories,  
 They will by violence tear him from your palace,  
 And torture him with grievous lingering death.  
 They say, by him the good Duke Humphrey died;  
 They say, in him they fear your highness' death;  
 And mere instinct of love and loyalty, 250  
 Free from a stubborn opposite intent,  
 As being thought to contradict your liking,  
 Makes them thus forward in his banishment.  
 They say, in care of your most royal person,  
 That if your highness should intend to sleep,  
 And charge that no man should disturb your rest  
 In pain of your dislike or pain of death,  
 Yet, notwithstanding such a strait edict,  
 Were there a serpent seen, with forked tongue,  
 That slyly glided towards your majesty, 260  
 It were but necessary you were waked,  
 Lest, being suffer'd in that harmful slumber,  
 The mortal worm might make the sleep eternal;  
 And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,  
 That they will guard you, whether you will or no,  
 From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is,  
 With whose envenomed and fatal sting,  
 Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,  
 They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

COMMONS [*within*]. An answer from the king, my  
 Lord of Salisbury! 270

SUF. 'T is like the commons, rude unpolish'd hinds,  
 Could send such message to their sovereign:

263 *mortal worm*] deadly serpent.



Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go with me;  
I have great matters to impart to thee.

[*Exeunt all but Queen and Suffolk.*]

QUEEN. Mischance and sorrow go along with you! 300  
Heart's discontent and sour affliction  
Be playfellows to keep you company!  
There's two of you; the devil make a third!  
And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps!

SUF. Cease, gentle queen, these execrations,  
And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.

QUEEN. Fie, coward woman and soft-hearted wretch!  
Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemy?

SUF. A plague upon them! wherefore should I curse  
them?

Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan, 310  
I would invent as bitter-searching terms,  
As curst, as harsh and horrible to hear,  
Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,  
With full as many signs of deadly hate,  
As lean-faced Envy in her loathsome cave:  
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words;  
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint;  
Mine hair be fix'd on end, as one distract;  
Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban:

306 *heavy*] mournful, sad.

310 *kill, as doth the mandrake's groan*] There was an old superstition exposed by Sir Thomas Browne in his *Vulgar Errors*, II, 6, that the mandrake plant, when pulled up by the roots, uttered a shriek, which caused death to the hearer. Cf. *Rom. and Jul.*, IV, iii, 47: "And shrieks like *mandrake's* torn out of the earth."

THE SECOND PART OF ACT III

And even now my burthen'd heart would break, 320  
 Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!  
 Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste!  
 Their sweetest shade a grove of cypress trees!  
 Their chiefest prospect murdering basilisks!  
 Their softest touch as smart as lizards' stings!  
 Their music frightful as the serpent's hiss,  
 And boding screech-owls make the concert full!  
 All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell —

QUEEN. Enough, sweet Suffolk; thou torment'st  
 thyself;

And these dread curses, like the sun 'gainst glass, 330  
 Or like an overcharged gun, recoil,  
 And turn the force of them upon thyself.

SUF. You bade me ban, and will you bid me  
 leave?

Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,  
 Well could I curse away a winter's night,  
 Though standing naked on a mountain top,  
 Where biting cold would never let grass grow,  
 And think it but a minute spent in sport.

QUEEN. O, let me entreat thee cease. Give me thy  
 hand,

That I may dew it with my mournful tears; 340  
 Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,

324 *basilisks*] See note on III, ii, 52, *supra*.

325 *lizards' stings*] another false conception of natural history. Lizards are perfectly harmless, and are credited with stings only in fable.

333 *leave*] leave off.

To wash away my woful monuments.  
 O, could this kiss be printed in thy hand,  
 That thou mightst think upon these by the seal,  
 Through whom a thousand sighs are breathed for  
 thee!

So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;  
 'T is but surmised whiles thou art standing by,  
 As one that surfeits thinking on a want.  
 I will repeal thee, or, be well assured,  
 Adventure to be banished myself:  
 And banished I am, if but from thee.

350

Go; speak not to me; even now be gone.  
 O, go not yet! Even thus two friends condemn'd  
 Embrace and kiss and take ten thousand leaves,  
 Loather a hundred times to part than die.  
 Yet now farewell; and farewell life with thee!

SUF. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished;  
 Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.  
 'T is not the land I care for, wert thou thence;  
 A wilderness is populous enough,  
 So Suffolk had thy heavenly company;  
 For where thou art, there is the world itself,  
 With every several pleasure in the world,  
 And where thou art not, desolation.  
 I can no more: live thou to joy thy life;  
 Myself no joy in nought but that thou livest.

360

343-345 *O, could this kiss . . . breathed for thee !]* Would that, by virtue of the seal-like impression that this kiss of mine makes upon thy hand, thou mightest keep in thy thought these lips of mine, through which a thousand sighs are breathed for thee.

THE SECOND PART OF ACT III

---

*Enter VAUX*

QUEEN. Whither goes Vaux so fast? what news, I  
prithce?

VAUX. To signify unto his majesty  
That Cardinal Beaufort is at point of death;  
For suddenly a grievous sickness took him, 370  
That makes him gasp and stare and catch the air,  
Blaspheming God and cursing men on earth.  
Sometime he talks as if Duke Humphrey's ghost  
Were by his side; sometime he calls the king,  
And whispers to his pillow as to him  
The secrets of his overcharged soul:  
And I am sent to tell his majesty,  
That even now he cries aloud for him.

QUEEN. Go tell this heavy message to the king.

*[Exit Vaux.]*

Ay me! what is this world! what news are these! 380  
But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,  
Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure?  
Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,

---

369 *Cardinal . . . death*] The historical sequence of events is here much misrepresented by the dramatist. The Cardinal's death did not occur till almost six weeks after Gloucester's, the latter dying February 28, 1447, the former April 11 following. Suffolk's banishment did not take place till three years later.

381 *at an hour's poor loss*] at the abbreviation of the Cardinal's life by one short hour, a very brief period of time. The Queen implies that the Cardinal, being an old man, has merely died an hour before his time, which is no theme for deep sorrow.



And with the southern clouds contend in tears,  
Theirs for the earth's increase, mine for my sorrows?  
Now get thee hence: the king, thou know'st, is  
coming;

If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.

SUF. If I depart from thee, I cannot live;  
And in thy sight to die, what were it else  
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap? 390  
Here could I breathe my soul into the air,  
As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe,  
Dying with mother's dug between its lips:  
Where, from thy sight, I should be raging mad,  
And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,  
To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth;  
So shouldst thou either turn my flying soul,  
Or I should breathe it so into thy body,  
And then it lived in sweet Elysium.  
To die by thee were but to die in jest; 400  
From thee to die were torture more than death:  
O, let me stay, befall what may befall!

QUEEN. Away! though parting be a fretful corrosive,  
It is applied to a deathful wound.  
To France, sweet Suffolk: let me hear from thee;

---

384 *southern clouds*] the south was regarded as the rainy quarter. Cf. *Rom. and Jul.*, I, iv, 103: "the *dew-dropping south*," and *Cymbeline*, IV, ii, 350: "the spongy *south*."

394 *Where, from*] Whereas, out of.

403 *corrosive*] This is the original reading, for which Malone substituted *cor'sive* to suit the metre. In any case the word must be pronounced as a dissyllable.

THE SECOND PART OF ACT III

For wheresoe'er thou art in this world's globe,  
I'll have an Iris that shall find thee out.

SUF. I go.

QUEEN. And take my heart with thee.

SUF. A jewel, lock'd into the wofull'st cask  
That ever did contain a thing of worth.

410

Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we:  
This way fall I to death.

QUEEN. This way for me.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE III—A BEDCHAMBER

*Enter the KING, SALISBURY, WARWICK, to the CARDINAL  
in bed*

KING. How fares my lord? speak, Beaufort, to thy  
sovereign.

CAR. If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's  
treasure,

Enough to purchase such another island,  
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

KING. Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,  
Where death's approach is seen so terrible!

WAR. Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.

CAR. Bring me unto my trial when you will.  
Died he not in his bed? where should he die?

---

407 *Iris*] properly the messenger of Juno; she is often identified with the rainbow. In *Tempest*, IV, i, 76, she is called "many-colour'd messenger." Cf. Ovid, *Met.*, I, 270: "Nuntia Junonis varios induta colores."

Can I make men live, whether they will or no? 10  
 O, torture me no more! I will confess.

Alive again? then show me where he is:  
 I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.  
 He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.  
 Comb down his hair; look, look! it stands upright,  
 Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul.  
 Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary  
 Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

KING. O thou eternal mover of the heavens,  
 Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch! 20  
 O, beat away the busy meddling fiend  
 That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,  
 And from his bosom purge this black despair!

WAR. See, how the pangs of death do make him grin!

SAL. Disturb him not; let him pass peaceably.

KING. Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be!  
 Lord cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,  
 Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.  
 He dies, and makes no sign. O God, forgive him!

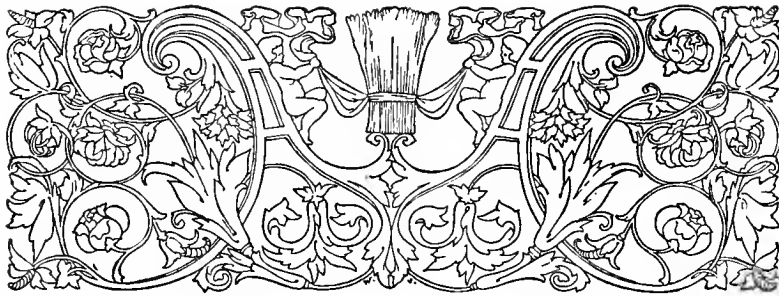
WAR. So bad a death argues a monstrous life. 30

KING. Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.

Close up his eyes and draw the curtain close;  
 And let us all to meditation. [*Exeunt.*]

---

16 *lime-twigs*] twigs smeared with birdlime. See note on I, iii, 86.

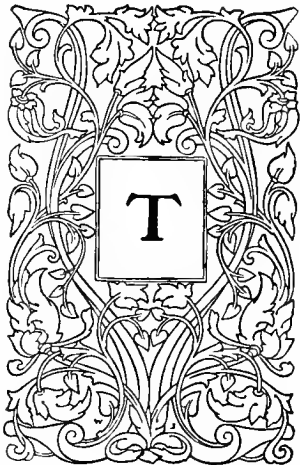


ACT IV — SCENE I

THE COAST OF KENT

*Alarum. Fight at sea. Ordnance goes off. Enter a Captain, a Master, a Master's-Mate, WALTER WHITMORE, and others; with them SUFFOLK, and others, prisoners*

CAPTAIN



HE GAUDY, BLABBING  
and remorseful day  
Is crept into the bosom of the  
sea;  
And now loud-howling wolves  
arouse the jades  
That drag the tragic melancholy  
night;  
Who, with their drowsy, slow  
and flagging wings,  
Clip dead men's graves, and  
from their misty jaws  
Breathe foul contagious dark-  
ness in the air.

Therefore bring forth the soldiers of our prize;  
For, whilst our pinnace anchors in the Downs,

<sup>1</sup> *blabbing and remorseful*] tell-tale and compassionate. Cf. *Macb.*, "Scarfe up the tender eye of *pitiful* day."

SCENE I SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI

---

Here shall they make their ransom on the sand, 10  
Or with their blood stain this discoloured shore.  
Master, this prisoner freely give I thee;  
And thou that art his mate, make boot of this;  
The other, Walter Whitmore, is thy share.

FIRST GENT. What is my ransom, master? let me  
know.

MAST. A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.

MATE. And so much shall you give, or off goes yours.

CAP. What, think you much to pay two thousand  
crowns,

And bear the name and port of gentlemen?  
Cut both the villains' throats; for die you shall: 20  
The lives of those which we have lost in fight  
Be counterpoised with such a petty sum!

FIRST GENT. I'll give it, sir; and therefore spare  
my life.

SEC. GENT. And so will I, and write home for it  
straight.

WHIT. I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,  
And therefore to revenge it, shalt thou die; [To *Suf.*  
And so should these, if I might have my will.

CAP. Be not so rash; take ransom, let him live.

SUF. Look on my George; I am a gentleman:  
Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid. 30

WHIT. And so am I; my name is Walter Whitmore.

---

6 *Clip*] Embrace, encircle.

25 *laying . . . abroad*] placing my own ship alongside the prize.

29 *George*] A metal badge in the shape of the figure of St. George on  
horseback. A part of the insignia of the order of the Garter.

THE SECOND PART OF ACT IV

How now! why start'st thou? what, doth death  
affright?

SUF. Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death.  
A cunning man did calculate my birth,  
And told me that by water I should die;  
Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded;  
Thy name is Gualtier, being rightly sounded.

WHIT. Gualtier or Walter, which it is, I care not:  
Never yet did base dishonour blur our name,  
But with our sword we wiped away the blot; 40  
Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge,  
Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defaced,  
And I proclaim'd a coward through the world!

SUF. Stay, Whitmore; for thy prisoner is a prince,  
The Duke of Suffolk, William de la Pole.

WHIT. The Duke of Suffolk, muffled up in rags!

SUF. Ay, but these rags are no part of the duke:  
Jove sometime went disguised, and why not I?

CAP. But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be.

SUF. Obscure and lowly swain, King Henry's blood, 50  
The honourable blood of Lancaster,  
Must not be shed by such a jaded groom.  
Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand and held my stirrup?

---

35 *by water I should die*] Cf. I, iv, 33 and 65, *supra*, where the prophecy of Suffolk's death is announced in the words: "By water shall he die, and take his end."

50 *King Henry's blood*] This is a false claim on Suffolk's part. His mother was a remote cousin of Henry VI. No Lancastrian blood could be accurately said to flow in his veins.

52 *a jaded groom*] a contemptible groom, as contemptible as the poorest class of horse.

Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth mule,  
 And thought thee happy when I shook my head?  
 How often hast thou waited at my cup,  
 Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board,  
 When I have feasted with Queen Margaret?  
 Remember it and let it make thee crest-fall'n.  
 Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride;  
 How in our voiding lobby hast thou stood  
 And duly waited for my coming forth?  
 This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,  
 And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.

60

WHIT. Speak, captain, shall I stab the forlorn swain?

CAP. First let my words stab him, as he hath me.

SUF. Base slave, thy words are blunt, and so art thou.

CAP. Convey him hence and on our long-boat's side  
 Strike off his head.

SUF. Thou darest not, for thy own.

CAP. Yes, Pole.

SUF. Pole!

CAP. Pool! Sir Pool! lord!

70

54 *foot-cloth mule*] a mule covered with a rich foot-cloth nearly touching the ground on each side. It was a caparison only used by persons of rank and wealth. Cf. IV, vii, 43, *infra*.

60 *abortive pride*] pride that has been born before its time, unnatural, futile.

61 *voiding lobby*] hall or corridor of entry and exit.

63 *writ in thy behalf*] written letters recommending thee for preferment.

64 *charm . . . tongue*] charm into silence thy insolent tongue. Cf. *Othello*, V, ii, 187: "I will not *charm my tongue*; I am bound to speak."

70 *Yes, Pole. . . . lord!*] These three interjectory speeches of the Captain and Suffolk were added by Capell from the Quartos. They were omitted from the Folios. Suffolk's family name was De la Pole, "Pole" being pronounced "Pool."

THE SECOND PART OF      ACT IV

---

Ay, kennel, puddle, sink; whose filth and dirt  
 Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.  
 Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,  
 For swallowing the treasure of the realm:  
 Thy lips that kiss'd the queen shall sweep the ground;  
 And thou that smiledst at good Duke Humphrey's death  
 Against the senseless winds shalt grin in vain,  
 Who in contempt shall hiss at thee again:  
 And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,  
 For daring to affy a mighty lord 80  
 Unto the daughter of a worthless king,  
 Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem.  
 By devilish policy art thou grown great,  
 And, like ambitious Sylla, overgorged  
 With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding hearts.  
 By thee Anjou and Maine were sold to France,  
 The false revolting Normans thorough thee  
 Disdain to call us lord, and Picardy  
 Hath slain their governors, surprised our forts,  
 And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home. 90  
 The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all,

---

71 *kennel*] used here in the sense of "channel," "gutter," "ditch."

80 *affy*] affianced, betrothed.

84-85 *Sylla . . . hearts*] Sulla, the Roman general, who engaged in civil war with his rival general, Marius, and made himself dictator of Rome, instituted a reign of terror, which was defamed by a ruthless massacre of his opponents.

85 *gobbets*] fragments. The word is only used by Shakespeare here, and V, ii, 58, *infra*.

*thy mother's*] thy mother-country's.

87 *thorough*] through, owing to.



Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain,  
 As hating thee, are rising up in arms:  
 And now the house of York, thrust from the crown  
 By shameful murder of a guiltless king,  
 And lofty proud encroaching tyranny,  
 Burns with revenging fire; whose hopeful colours  
 Advance our half-faced sun, striving to shine,  
 Under the which is writ "Invitis nubibus."  
 The commons here in Kent are up in arms: 100  
 And, to conclude, reproach and beggary  
 Is crept into the palace of our king,  
 And all by thee. Away! convey him hence.

SUF. O that I were a god, to shoot forth thunder  
 Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges!  
 Small things make base men proud: this villain here,  
 Being captain of a pinnace, threatens more  
 Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate.  
 Drones suck not eagles' blood, but rob bee-hives:  
 It is impossible that I should die 110  
 By such a lowly vassal as thyself.

---

98-99 *half-faced sun . . . nubibus*] Edward III's badge or cognisance was a picture of the sun seeking to shine through clouds. The Latin motto "Invitis nubibus" means "in spite of the clouds."  
 108 *Bargulus . . . pirate*] Cicero's *De Officiis*, II, xi, incidentally mentions as a type of wickedness "Bargulus, Illyrius latro" on the authority of a Greek historian Theopompus of Chios. Cicero's work was extant in English translations. The Quarto reads here *Mighty Abradas the great Macedonian pirate*, of whom nothing else is known save two bare mentions of him in Robert Greene's prose romances *Penelope's Web*, 1587 (ed. Grosart, Vol. V, p. 197), and *Menaphon*, 1587 (*ibid.*, Vol. VI, p. 77).

THE SECOND PART OF      ACT IV

---

Thy words move rage and not remorse in me:  
 I go of message from the queen to France;  
 I charge thee waft me safely cross the Channel.

CAP. Walter, —

WHIT. Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to thy death.

SUF. *Gelidus timor occupat artus*: it is thee I fear.

WHIT. Thou shalt have cause to fear before I leave thee.

What, are ye daunted now? now will ye stoop?

FIRST GENT. My gracious lord, entreat him, speak him fair. 120

SUF. Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and rough,  
 Used to command, untaught to plead for favour.

Far be it we should honour such as these  
 With humble suit: no, rather let my head  
 Stoop to the block than these knees bow to any  
 Save to the God of heaven and to my king;  
 And sooner dance upon a bloody pole  
 Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar groom.

True nobility is exempt from fear:

More can I bear than you dare execute. 130

CAP. Hale him away, and let him talk no more.

SUF. Come, soldiers, show what cruelty ye can,  
 That this my death may never be forgot!

---

117 *Gelidus timor occupat artus*] "Chill fear seizes my limbs." This is the reading of the Second and later Folios. The First Folio unintelligibly places the word *Pine* before *gelidus*. For this word Theobald substituted *Pænæ* (*i. e.*, of punishment), and Malone *Pene*. The precise source of the quotation is unknown, though similar expressions are found in classical poetry. Cf. Virgil's *Æneid*, VII, 446: "subitus tremor occupat artus."

Great men oft die by vile bezonians:  
 A Roman sworder and banditto slave  
 Murder'd sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard hand  
 Stabb'd Julius Cæsar; savage islanders  
 Pompey the Great; and Suffolk dies by pirates.

[*Exeunt Whitmore and others with Suffolk.*]

CAP. And as for these whose ransom we have set,  
 It is our pleasure one of them depart: 140  
 Therefore come you with us and let him go.

[*Exeunt all but the First Gentleman.*]

*Re-enter WHITMORE with SUFFOLK'S body*

WHIT. There let his head and lifeless body lie,  
 Until the queen his mistress bury it. [*Exit.*]

FIRST GENT. O barbarous and bloody spectacle!  
 His body will I bear unto the king:

---

134 *bezonians*] needy beggars. Shakespeare only uses the word once elsewhere, in *2 Hen. IV*, V, iii, 112. It is formed from the Italian "bisogno," "need," "want." Cf. Cotgrave's *Fr.-Eng. Dict.*, "Bisongne . . . a filthie knave, or clowne; a raskall, *bisonian*, base-humored scoundrell." "Besonian" is also found in Elizabethan literature in the sense of "raw recruit."

136-138 *Tully . . . Julius Cæsar . . . Pompey the Great*] Plutarch gives a full account of Cicero's assassination by "Herennius, a centurion, and Popilius Laena, a tribune of the soldiers." Brutus was popularly credited in error with being Julius Cæsar's bastard son, owing to the fact that his mother, after her lawful husband's death and his birth, became Cæsar's mistress. It is incorrect to describe Pompey as slain by "savage islanders." According to Plutarch he was treacherously slain on the banks of the Nile by hirelings of Ptolemy, King of Egypt, of whom he was seeking asylum.

THE SECOND PART OF ACT IV

---

If he revenge it not, yet will his friends;  
So will the queen, that living held him dear.  
*[Exit with the body.]*

SCENE II — BLACKHEATH

*Enter* GEORGE BEVIS *and* JOHN HOLLAND

BEVIS. Come, and get thee a sword, though made  
of a lath: they have been up these two days.

HOLL. They have the more need to sleep now, then.

BEVIS. I tell thee, Jack Cade the clothier means to  
dress the commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new nap  
upon it.

HOLL. So he had need, for 't is threadbare. Well,  
I say it was never merry world in England since gentle-  
men came up.

BEVIS. O miserable age! virtue is not regarded in 10  
handicrafts-men.

HOLL. The nobility think scorn to go in leather  
aprons.

BEVIS. Nay, more, the king's council are no good  
workmen.

HOLL. True; and yet it is said, labour in thy voca-  
tion; which is as much to say as, let the magistrates  
be labouring men; and therefore should we be magis-  
trates.

BEVIS. Thou hast hit it; for there's no better sign of  
a brave mind than a hard hand.

---

2 up] in rebellion.

HOLL. I see them! I see them! There's Best's son, <sup>20</sup>  
the tanner of Wingham, —

BEVIS. He shall have the skins of our enemies, to  
make dog's-leather of.

HOLL. And Dick the butcher, —

BEVIS. Then is sin struck down like an ox, and in-  
iquity's throat cut like a calf.

HOLL. And Smith the weaver, —

BEVIS. Argo, their thread of life is spun.

HOLL. Come, come, let's fall in with them.

*Drum. Enter CADE, DICK Butcher, SMITH the Weaver,  
and a Sawyer, with infinite numbers*

CADE. We John Cade, so termed of our supposed <sup>30</sup>  
father, —

DICK. [*Aside*] Or rather, of stealing a cade of her-  
rings.

CADE. For our enemies shall fall before us, inspired  
with the spirit of putting down kings and princes, —  
Command silence.

DICK. Silence!

CADE. My father was a Mortimer, —

DICK. [*Aside*] He was an honest man, and a good  
bricklayer.

CADE. My mother a Plantagenet, —

40

<sup>32</sup> *cade*] a cask, barrel, from the Latin "cadus."

<sup>33</sup> *fall*] The Fourth Folio's correction of the earlier reading *fall*. The  
word is a quibble on the Latin "cado," fall. The pun is out of  
keeping with Cade's alleged illiteracy.

THE SECOND PART OF ACT IV

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DICK. [*Aside*] I knew her well; she was a midwife.

CADE. My wife descended of the Lacies, —

DICK. [*Aside*] She was, indeed, a pedler's daughter, and sold many laces.

SMITH. [*Aside*] But now of late, not able to travel with her furred pack, she washes bucks here at home.

CADE. Therefore am I of an honourable house.

DICK. [*Aside*] Ay, by my faith, the field is honourable; and there was he born, under a hedge, for his father had never a house but the cage. 50

CADE. Valiant I am.

SMITH. [*Aside*] A' must needs; for beggary is valiant.

CADE. I am able to endure much.

DICK. [*Aside*] No question of that; for I have seen him whipped three market-days together.

CADE. I fear neither sword nor fire.

SMITH. [*Aside*] He need not fear the sword; for his coat is of proof.

DICK. [*Aside*] But methinks he should stand in fear of fire, being burnt i' the hand for stealing of sheep. 60

CADE. Be brave, then; for your captain is brave, and

---

46 *furred pack*] knapsack of skin with the hair outward.

*washes bucks*] washes clothes. Cf. *M. Wives*, III, iii, 2: "buck-basket," *i. e.*, clothes-basket.

48 *field*] a quibble on the heraldic sense of the word.

50 *cage*] village gaol.

52 *beggary is valiant*] an allusion to the common expression "valiant or sturdy [*i. e.*, able-bodied] beggars."

58 *of proof*] a quibble on the two senses of the expression, *viz.*, "warranted to resist assault," and "well-worn."

vows reformation. There shall be in England seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny: the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony to drink small beer: all the realm shall be in common; and in Cheapside shall my palfry go to grass: and when I am king, as king I will be, —

ALL. God save your majesty!

CADE. I thank you, good people: there shall be no money; all shall eat and drink on my score; and I will <sup>70</sup> apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me their lord.

DICK. The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.

CADE. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? Some say the bee stings: but I say, 't is the bee's wax; for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never mine own man since. How now! who's there? 80

*Enter some, bringing forward the Clerk of Chatham*

SMITH. The clerk of Chatham: he can write and read and cast accompt.

CADE. O monstrous!

SMITH. We took him setting of boys' copies.

CADE. Here's a villain!

---

63 *three-hooped pot*] a common drinking mug, made, like barrels, of wooden staves bound together at fixed intervals by hoops. The quart pot had three hoops.

79 *mine own man*] myself.

THE SECOND PART OF ACT IV

---

SMITH. Has a book in his pocket with red letters in 't.

CADE. Nay, then, he is a conjuror.

DICK. Nay, he can make obligations, and write court-hand.

CADE. I am sorry for 't: the man is a proper man, <sup>90</sup> of mine honour; unless I find him guilty, he shall not die. Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee: what is thy name?

CLERK. Emmanuel.

DICK. They use to write it on the top of letters: 't will go hard with you.

CADE. Let me alone. Dost thou use to write thy name? or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest plain-dealing man?

CLERK. Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up that I can write my name. <sup>101</sup>

ALL. He hath confessed: away with him! he's a villain and a traitor.

CADE. Away with him, I say! hang him with his pen and ink-horn about his neck. [*Exit one with the Clerk.*]

*Enter* MICHAEL

MICH. Where's our general?

CADE. Here I am, thou particular fellow.

---

88 *obligations*] documentary bonds.

95 *on the top of letters*] Piously worded greetings, like the cited word "Emmanuel," which literally means "God with us," often headed official letters. Cf. the old play, *The Famous Victories of Henry V*: "Deliver him our safe conduct Under our broad seal *Emanuel*" (Hazlitt, *Shak. Libr.*, Vol. I, Pt. II, p. 353).



MICH. Fly, fly, fly! Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are hard by, with the king's forces.

CADE. Stand, villain, stand, or I'll fell thee down.  
He shall be encountered with a man as good as himself:  
he is but a knight, is a' ? 112

MICH. No.

CADE. To equal him, I will make myself a knight presently. [*Kneels*] Rise up, Sir John Mortimer. [*Rises*]  
Now have at him!

*Enter SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD and his Brother, with drum and soldiers*

STAF. Rebellious hinds, the filth and scum of Kent,  
Mark'd for the gallows, lay your weapons down;  
Home to your cottages, forsake this groom:  
The king is merciful, if you revolt. 120

BRO. But angry, wrathful, and inclined to blood,  
If you go forward; therefore yield, or die.

CADE. As for these silken-coated slaves, I pass not:  
It is to you, good people, that I speak,  
Over whom, in time to come, I hope to reign;  
For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

STAF. Villain, thy father was a plasterer;  
And thou thyself a shearman, art thou not?

CADE. And Adam was a gardener.

BRO. And what of that? 130

120 *if you revolt*] *sc.* from Cade; if you desert the rebel.

123 *I pass not*] I care not, regard not. Cf. George Herbert, *The Temple*—  
Forerunners, vi: "Yet if you go, *I pass not*; take your way."

128 *shearman*] one who shears woollen cloth, a clothworker.

THE SECOND PART OF ACT IV

CADE. Marry, this: Edmund Mortimer, Earl of  
March,  
Married the Duke of Clarence' daughter, did he not?

STAF. Ay, sir.

CADE. By her he had two children at one birth.

BRO. That's false.

CADE. Ay, there's the question; but I say, 't is true:  
The elder of them, being put to nurse,  
Was by a beggar-woman stolen away;  
And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,  
Became a bricklayer when he came to age: 140  
His son am I; deny it, if you can.

DICK. Nay, 't is too true; therefore he shall be king.

SMITH. Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house,  
and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it; there-  
fore deny it not.

STAF. And will you credit this base drudge's words,  
That speaks he knows not what?

ALL. Ay, marry, will we; therefore get ye gone.

BRO. Jack Cade, the Duke of York hath taught you  
this.

CADE. [*Aside*] He lies, for I invented it myself. 150  
Go to, sirrah, tell the king from me, that, for his father's  
sake, Henry the fifth, in whose time boys went to span-  
counter for French crowns, I am content he shall reign;  
but I'll be protector over him.

---

152-153 *span-counter*] a boy's game played with marbles or counters.  
The first player threw his counter to any distance; the second aimed  
his counter at the first player's, so as either to hit it or to come within  
a span or hand's breadth of it.

DICK. And furthermore, we'll have the Lord Say's head for selling the dukedom of Maine.

CADE. And good reason; for thereby is England mained, and fain to go with a staff, but that my puissance holds it up. Fellow kings, I tell you that that Lord Say hath gelded the commonwealth, and made it an eunuch: and more than that, he can speak French; and therefore he is a traitor. 162

STAF. O gross and miserable ignorance!

CADE. Nay, answer, if you can: the Frenchmen are our enemies; go to, then, I ask but this: can he that speaks with the tongue of an enemy be a good counselor, or no?

ALL. No, no; and therefore we'll have his head.

BRO. Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail, Assail them with the army of the king. 170

STAF. Herald, away; and throughout every town Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade; That those which fly before the battle ends May, even in their wives' and children's sight, Be hang'd up for example at their doors: And you that be the king's friends, follow me.

*[Exeunt the two Staffords, and soldiers.]*

CADE. And you that love the commons, follow me.

Now show yourselves men; 't is for liberty.

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157 *mained*] Thus the first three Folios. A pun on the reference to "Maine" (line 156) is obviously intended, and the Fourth Folio's change to *maim'd* is unnecessary.

THE SECOND PART OF ACT IV

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We will not leave one lord, one gentleman :  
Spare none but such as go in clouted shoon ; 180  
For they are thrifty honest men, and such  
As would, but that they dare not, take our parts.

DICK. They are all in order and march toward us.

CADE. But then are we in order when we are most  
out of order. Come, march forward. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III — ANOTHER PART OF BLACKHEATH

*Alarums to the fight, wherein both the STAFFORDS are slain.*

*Enter CADE and the rest*

CADE. Where's Dick, the butcher of Ashford ?

DICK. Here, sir.

CADE. They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and  
thou behavedst thyself as if thou hadst been in thine  
own slaughter-house : therefore thus will I reward thee,  
the Lent shall be as long again as it is ; and thou shalt  
have a license to kill for a hundred lacking one.

DICK. I desire no more.

CADE. And, to speak truth, thou deservest no less.

---

180 *clouted shoon*] hobnailed shoes.

7 *hundred lacking one*] Malone added from the Quartos the words *a week*,  
which seem an improvement. During Lent Elizabethan butchers  
were prohibited from selling flesh meat unless they obtained a special  
license, which invariably specified the number of beasts they might  
slaughter each week.

This monument of the victory will I bear [*putting on Sir 10  
Humphrey's brigandine*]; and the bodies shall be dragged at my horse heels till I do come to London, where we will have the mayor's sword borne before us.

DICK. If we mean to thrive and do good, break open the gaols and let out the prisoners.

CADE. Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come, let's march towards London. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE IV — LONDON

## THE PALACE

*Enter the KING with a supplication, and the QUEEN with Suffolk's head, the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM and the LORD SAY*

QUEEN. Oft have I heard that grief softens the mind,  
And makes it fearful and degenerate;  
Think therefore on revenge and cease to weep.  
But who can cease to weep and look on this?  
Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast:  
But where's the body that I should embrace?

BUCK. What answer makes your grace to the rebels' supplication?

10-11 (stage direction) *putting on . . . brigandine*] "brigandine" is body-armour or corslet, in which rings of iron or small iron plates were fastened together, beneath a canvas or leather covering. The stage direction, which is supplied by the Cambridge editors from Holinshed's account of the episode of Cade's action, is not in the Folios.

2 *fearful*] full of fear, nervous.

THE SECOND PART OF ACT IV

KING. I'll send some holy bishop to entreat;  
For God forbid so many simple souls 10  
Should perish by the sword! And I myself,  
Rather than bloody war shall cut them short,  
Will parley with Jack Cade their general:  
But stay, I'll read it over once again.

QUEEN. Ah, barbarous villains! hath this lovely face  
Ruled, like a wandering planet, over me,  
And could it not enforce them to relent,  
That were unworthy to behold the same?

KING. Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn to have thy  
head.

SAY. Ay, but I hope your highness shall have his. 20

KING. How now, madam!  
Still lamenting and mourning for Suffolk's death?  
I fear me, love, if that I had been dead,  
Thou wouldest not have mourn'd so much for me.

QUEEN. No, my love, I should not mourn, but die for  
thee.

*Enter a Messenger*

KING. How now! what news? why comest thou in  
such haste?

MESS. The rebels are in Southwark; fly, my lord!  
Jack Cade proclaims himself Lord Mortimer,  
Descended from the Duke of Clarence' house,

---

12 *cut them short*] reduce their numbers.

16 *a wandering planet*] according to astrology, planets exerted irresistible  
influence over those born under their sway.

And calls your grace usurper openly, 30  
 And vows to crown himself in Westminster.  
 His army is a ragged multitude  
 Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless:  
 Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death  
 Hath given them heart and courage to proceed:  
 All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,  
 They call false caterpillars and intend their death.

KING. O graceless men! they know not what they do.

BUCK. My gracious lord, retire to Killingworth,  
 Until a power be raised to put them down. 40

QUEEN. Ah, were the Duke of Suffolk now alive,  
 These Kentish rebels would be soon appeased!

KING. Lord Say, the traitors hate thee;  
 Therefore away with us to Killingworth.

SAY. So might your grace's person be in danger.  
 The sight of me is odious in their eyes;  
 And therefore in this city will I stay,  
 And live alone as secret as I may.

*Enter another Messenger*

MESS. Jack Cade hath gotten London bridge:  
 The citizens fly and forsake their houses: 50  
 The rascal people, thirsting after prey,  
 Join with the traitor, and they jointly swear  
 To spoil the city and your royal court.

37 *caterpillars*] unproductive parasites.

39 *Killingworth*] An old name of Kenilworth, the well-known Warwickshire Castle, at this time a royal palace.

THE SECOND PART OF ACT IV

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BUCK. Then linger not, my lord; away, take horse.

KING. Come, Margaret; God, our hope, will succour  
us.

QUEEN. My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceased.

KING. Farewell, my lord: trust not the Kentish  
rebels.

BUCK. Trust nobody, for fear you be betray'd.

SAY. The trust I have is in mine innocence,  
And therefore am I bold and resolute. [Exeunt. 60

SCENE V — LONDON

THE TOWER

*Enter LORD SCALES upon the Tower, walking. Then enter  
two or three Citizens below*

SCALES. How now! is Jack Cade slain?

FIRST CIT. No, my lord, nor likely to be slain; for  
they have won the bridge, killing all those that with-  
stand them: the lord mayor craves aid of your honour  
from the Tower to defend the city from the rebels.

SCALES. Such aid as I can spare you shall command;  
But I am troubled here with them myself;  
The rebels have assay'd to win the Tower.  
But get you to Smithfield and gather head,  
And thither I will send you Matthew Goffe; 10  
Fight for your king, your country, and your lives;  
And so, farewell, for I must hence again. [Exeunt.

---

9 *gather head*] collect reinforcements.



## SCENE VI—LONDON

## CANNON STREET

*Enter JACK CADE and the rest, and strikes his staff on London-stone*

CADE. Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here, sitting upon London-stone, I charge and command that, of the city's cost, the pissing-conduit run nothing but claret wine this first year of our reign. And now henceforward it shall be treason for any that calls me other than Lord Mortimer.

*Enter a Soldier, running*

SOLD. Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

CADE. Knock him down there. *[They kill him.]*

SMITH. If this fellow be wise, he'll never call ye Jack Cade more: I think he hath a very fair warning. 10

DICK. My lord, there's an army gathered together in Smithfield.

CADE. Come, then, let's go fight with them: but first, go and set London bridge on fire; and, if you can, burn down the Tower too. Come, let's away. *[Exeunt.]*

2 *London-stone*] A rounded block of stone which was a familiar landmark in Elizabethan London. It stood in Cannon Street. Portions of it, having been built into the street wall of St. Swithin's Church, still survive.

3 *pissing-conduit*] a well-known fountain in London, similar to one still to be seen in Brussels.

14 *set London bridge on fire*] The bridge was of stone, with rows of houses on each side of it. It was these which Cade proposed to set on fire.

SCENE VII — LONDON

*SMITHFIELD*

*Alarums.* MATTHEW GOFFE *is slain, and all the rest.* Then enter  
JACK CADE, with his company

CADE. So, sirs: now go some and pull down the Savoy; others to the inns of court; down with them all.

DICK. I have a suit unto your lordship.

CADE. Be it a lordship, thou shalt have it for that word.

DICK. Only that the laws of England may come out of your mouth.

HOLL. [*Aside*] Mass, 't will be sore law, then; for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 't is not whole yet.

SMITH. [*Aside*] Nay, John, it will be stinking law; <sup>10</sup> for his breath stinks with eating toasted cheese.

CADE. I have thought upon it, it shall be so. Away, burn all the records of the realm: my mouth shall be the parliament of England.

HOLL. [*Aside*] Then we are like to have biting statutes, unless his teeth be pulled out.

CADE. And henceforward all things shall be in common.

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<sup>1</sup> *Savoy*] The Savoy Palace in the Strand, London, was pulled down by the rebels under Wat Tyler in 1381, and was not rebuilt till 1505, when a royal hospital was erected on the site. The text here therefore involves an error of fact.

*Enter a Messenger*

MESS. My lord, a prize, a prize! here's the Lord Say, which sold the towns in France; he that made us pay one and twenty fifteens, and one shilling to the <sup>20</sup> pound, the last subsidy.

*Enter GEORGE BEVIS, with the LORD SAY*

CADE. Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times. Ah, thou say, thou serge, nay, thou buckram lord! now art thou within point-blank of our jurisdiction regal. What canst thou answer to my majesty for giving up of Normandy unto Mounsieur Basimecu, the dauphin of France? Be it known unto thee by these presence, even the presence of Lord Mortimer, that I am the besom that must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art. Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth <sup>30</sup> of the realm in erecting a grammar school: and whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used,

<sup>20</sup> *fifteens*] A tax on personal property of one fifteenth of its value was called "a fifteenth." Cf. I, i, 128, *supra*. Lord Say is credited with having levied this tax twenty-one times.

<sup>23</sup> *say*] woollen stuff resembling serge.

<sup>26</sup> *Basimecu*] A corrupted form of an obscene French term of abuse.

<sup>32</sup> *score and the tally*] The tally was the stick on which notches or scores were cut. Illiterate persons were in the habit of keeping their accounts in this fashion. Cf. *Sonnet cxxii*, 10: "Nor need I *tallies* thy dear love to *score*."

<sup>33</sup> *printing*] an anachronism. Caxton did not introduce printing into England till 1476, twenty-six years after Cade's rebellion.

THE SECOND PART OF      ACT IV

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and, contrary to the king, his crown and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face that thou hast men about thee that usually talk of a noun and a verb, and such abominable words as no Christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed justices of peace, to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison; and because they could not <sup>40</sup> read, thou hast hanged them; when, indeed, only for that cause they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost ride in a foot-cloth, dost thou not?

SAY. What of that?

CADE. Marry, thou oughtest not to let thy horse wear a cloak, when honest men than thou go in their hose and doublets.

DICK. And work in their shirt too; as myself, for example, that am a butcher.

SAY. You men of Kent, —

50

DICK. What say you of Kent?

SAY. Nothing but this; 't is "bona terra, mala gens."

CADE. Away with him, away with him! he speaks Latin.

40-41 *because . . . hanged them*] By a custom known as the "benefit of clergy," convicted prisoners who were able to read were entitled to claim exemption from full penalties.

43 *foot-cloth*] the rich caparison of a horse, which was a distinguishing feature of the equipages of the rich. Cf. IV, i, 54, *supra*, and note. The preposition "in" here has the force of "on."

52 *bona terra, mala gens*] a pleasant land but evil people. Cf. Heber's Missionary Hymn: "Though every prospect pleases And only man is vile."

SAY. Hear me but speak, and bear me where you will.  
 Kent, in the Commentaries Cæsar writ,  
 Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle:  
 Sweet is the country, because full of riches;  
 The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy;  
 Which makes me hope you are not void of pity. 60  
 I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy,  
 Yet, to recover them, would lose my life.  
 Justice with favour have I always done;  
 Prayers and tears have moved me, gifts could never.  
 When have I aught exacted at your hands,  
 But to maintain the king, the realm, and you?  
 Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks,  
 Because my book preferr'd me to the king,  
 And seeing ignorance is the curse of God,  
 Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven, 70  
 Unless you be possess'd with devilish spirits,  
 You cannot but forbear to murder me:  
 This tongue hath parley'd unto foreign kings  
 For your behoof, —

CADE. Tut, when struck'st thou one blow in the field?

56–57 *Kent . . . isle*] Cf. Julius Cæsar, *Commentaries*, Bk. V: “Ex his omnibus sunt humanissimi qui Cantium incolunt,” which Arthur Golding translated thus (1590): “Of all the inhabitants of *this isle* *The civilist are the Kentish folke.*” These last words figure almost verbatim in Lyly’s *Euphues* (ed. Arber, p. 247).

58 *because*] Thus the Folios. Hanmer substituted *beauteous*.

66 *But*] The Folios misread *Kent*. Dr. Johnson suggested the change.

68 *my book preferr'd me*] my love of study, my learning, recommended me. Cf. *Hen. VIII*, I, i, 122–123: “A beggar’s *book* Outworths a noble’s blood.”

THE SECOND PART OF ACT IV

SAY. Great men have reaching hands : oft have I struck  
Those that I never saw and struck them dead.

GEO. O monstrous coward ! what, to come behind  
folks ?

SAY. These cheeks are pale for watching for your  
good.

CADE. Give him a box o' the ear and that will make <sup>80</sup>  
'em red again.

SAY. Long sitting to determine poor men's causes  
Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

CADE. Ye shall have a hempen caudle then and the  
help of hatchet.

DICK. Why dost thou quiver, man ?

SAY. The palsy, and not fear, provokes me.

CADE. Nay, he nods at us, as who should say, I 'll be  
even with you : I 'll see if his head will stand steadier on  
a pole, or no. Take him away, and behead him. <sup>90</sup>

SAY. Tell me wherein have I offended most ?  
Have I affected wealth or honour ? speak.  
Are my chests fill'd up with extorted gold ?  
Is my apparel sumptuous to behold ?  
Whom have I injured, that ye seek my death ?  
These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding,  
This breast from harbouring foul deceitful thoughts.  
O, let me live ! <sup>98</sup>

---

84-85 *Ye shall have . . . hatchet*] Cade means that Lord Say shall be  
cured by a hempen rope round his neck, and the executioner's axe  
about his head.

96 *guiltless*] the shedding of innocent blood ; "guiltless" is an epithet  
of "blood."

CADE. [*Aside*] I feel remorse in myself with his words; but I'll bridle it: he shall die, an it be but for pleading so well for his life. Away with him! he has a familiar under his tongue; he speaks not o' God's name. Go, take him away, I say, and strike off his head presently; and then break into his son-in-law's house, Sir James Cromer, and strike off his head, and bring them both upon two poles hither.

ALL. It shall be done.

SAY. Ah, countrymen! if when you make your prayers, God should be so obdurate as yourselves,  
How would it fare with your departed souls? 110  
And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

CADE. Away with him! and do as I command ye.

[*Exeunt some with Lord Say.*]

The proudest peer in the realm shall not wear a head on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute; there shall not a maid be married, but she shall pay to me her maiden-head ere they have it: men shall hold of me in capite; and we charge and command that their wives be as free as heart can wish or tongue can tell.

101 *a familiar*] the demon or spirit who, it was believed, might be in servile attendance on a human being.

114-116 *there shall not . . . ere they have it*] An alleged feudal usage, known as "mercheta mulierum," which is the central motive of Beaumont and Fletcher's play of *The Custom of the Country*.

116 *in capite*] a pun on the feudal term "tenant in capite," which was the technical designation of those who held land directly of the king.

117-118 *as free . . . tell*] Ancient feudal grants were occasionally made on fantastic terms, and these words of Cade appear almost verbatim in the conditions attaching to tenures of certain feudal property.

THE SECOND PART OF ACT IV

DICK. My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside and  
take up commodities upon our bills? 120

CADE. Marry, presently.

ALL. O, brave!

*Re-enter one with the heads*

CADE. But is not this braver? Let them kiss one  
another, for they loved well when they were alive. Now  
part them again, lest they consult about the giving up of  
some more towns in France. Soldiers, defer the spoil  
of the city until night: for with these borne before us,  
instead of maces, will we ride through the streets; and  
at every corner have them kiss. Away! *[Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII — SOUTHWARK

*Alarum and retreat. Enter CADE and all his rabblement*

CADE. Up Fish Street! down Saint Magnus' Corner!  
kill and knock down! throw them into Thames! *[Sound  
a parley.]* What noise is this I hear? Dare any be so

---

120 *our bills*] a quibble on the two meanings of "bills," viz., halberds or staves, and mercantile bills, or bills of credit. The identical pun appears in *Much Ado*, III, iii, 198-199.

1 *Up Fish Street, etc.*] Theobald placed this scene in Southwark. At line 23 Cade mentions that he is at the "White Hart in Southwark." But both Fish Street (or Fish Street Hill, where the London Monument stands) and St. Magnus' Corner (in Lower Thames Street) are on the City side of the river Thames and on the opposite side to Southwark. In this first speech Cade may be directing his men to cross the river.



bold to sound retreat or parley, when I command them kill?

*Enter BUCKINGHAM and CLIFFORD, attended*

BUCK. Ay, here they be that dare and will disturb thee: Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the king Unto the commons whom thou hast misled; And here pronounce free pardon to them all, That will forsake thee and go home in peace.

CLIF. What say ye, countrymen? will ye relent, 10  
And yield to mercy whilst 't is offer'd you;  
Or let a rebel lead you to your deaths?  
Who loves the king and will embrace his pardon,  
Fling up his cap, and say "God save his majesty!"  
Who hateth him and honours not his father,  
Henry the fifth, that made all France to quake,  
Shake he his weapon at us and pass by.

ALL. God save the king! God save the king!

CADE. What, Buckingham and Clifford, are ye so brave? And you, base peasants, do ye believe him? 20  
will you needs be hanged with your pardons about your necks? Hath my sword therefore broke through London gates, that you should leave me at the White Hart in Southwark? I thought ye would never have given out these arms till you had recovered your ancient freedom: but you are all recreants and dastards, and delight to live in slavery to the nobility. Let them break your backs with burthens, take your houses over your heads, ravish your wives and daughters before your

<sup>24</sup> *given out*] given up or over.

THE SECOND PART OF      ACT IV

faces: for me, I will make shift for one; and so, God's 30  
curse light upon you all!

ALL. We'll follow Cade, we'll follow Cade!

CLIF. Is Cade the son of Henry the Fifth,  
That thus you do exclaim you'll go with him?  
Will he conduct you through the heart of France,  
And make the meanest of you earls and dukes?  
Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to;  
Nor knows he how to live but by the spoil,  
Unless by robbing of your friends and us.  
Were 't not a shame, that whilst you live at jar,      40  
The fearful French, whom you late vanquished,  
Should make a start o'er seas and vanquish you?  
Methinks already in this civil broil  
I see them lording it in London streets,  
Crying "Villiago!" unto all they meet.  
Better ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry,  
Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's mercy.  
To France, to France, and get what you have lost;  
Spare England, for it is your native coast:  
Henry hath money, you are strong and manly;      50  
God on our side, doubt not of victory.

ALL. A Clifford! a Clifford! we'll follow the king  
and Clifford.

CADE. Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro  
as this multitude? The name of Henry the Fifth hailes

45 "*Villiago!*" ] Thus the Folios. "*Viliaco*" was no uncommon term of reproach among Elizabethans. Cf. Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of His Humour*, V, iii: "Now out, base *Viliaco*." Florio in his *Ital.-Eng. Dict.* gives "*Vigliacco*, a rascal."

them to an hundred mischiefs and makes them leave me desolate. I see them lay their heads together to surprise me. My sword make way for me, for here is no staying. In despite of the devils and hell, have through the very midst of you! and heavens and<sup>60</sup> honour be witness that no want of resolution in me, but only my followers' base and ignominious treasons, makes me betake me to my heels. *[Exit.]*

BUCK. What, is he fled? Go some, and follow him; And he that brings his head unto the king Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward.

*[Exeunt some of them.]*

Follow me, soldiers: we'll devise a mean

To reconcile you all unto the king.

*[Exeunt.]*

#### SCENE IX — KENILWORTH CASTLE

*Sound trumpets. Enter KING, QUEEN, and SOMERSET, on the terrace*

KING. Was ever king that joy'd an earthly throne,  
And could command no more content than I?  
No sooner was I crept out of my cradle  
But I was made a king, at nine months old.  
Was never subject long'd to be a king  
As I do long and wish to be a subject.

---

<sup>4</sup> *nine months old*] This is historically correct. But cf. *1 Hen. VI*, III, iv, 17-18, where the king is erroneously made to say that he remembers the advice his father gave him in his youth.

THE SECOND PART OF ACT IV

---

*Enter BUCKINGHAM and CLIFFORD*

BUCK. Health and glad tidings to your majesty!

KING. Why, Buckingham, is the traitor Cade surprised?

Or is he but retired to make him strong?

*Enter, below, multitudes, with halters about their necks*

CLIF. He is fled, my lord, and all his powers do yield; 10  
And humbly thus, with halters on their necks,  
Expect your highness' doom, of life or death.

KING. Then, heaven, set ope thy everlasting gates,  
To entertain my vows of thanks and praise!  
Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,  
And show'd how well you love your prince and country:  
Continue still in this so good a mind,  
And Henry, though he be infortunate,  
Assure yourselves, will never be unkind:  
And so, with thanks and pardon to you all, 20  
I do dismiss you to your several countries.

ALL. God save the king! God save the king!

*Enter a Messenger*

MESS. Please it your grace to be advertised  
The Duke of York is newly come from Ireland,  
And with a puissant and a mighty power  
Of gallowglasses and stout kernes

---

26 *Of . . . kernes*] Thus the Folios. A foot is wanting to complete the metre. Dyce suggested the insertion of *savage* after *Of*. "Gallowglasses" and "kernes" (cf. III, i, 310, 361, and 367, *supra*) were two orders of Irish footsoldiers, of whom the former was the more

Is marching hitherward in proud array,  
 And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,  
 His arms are only to remove from thee  
 The Duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor. 30

KING. Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and York  
 distress'd;

Like to a ship that, having 'scaped a tempest,  
 Is straightway calm'd and boarded with a pirate:  
 But now is Cade driven back, his men dispersed;  
 And now is York in arms to second him.  
 I pray thee, Buckingham, go and meet him,  
 And ask him what's the reason of these arms.  
 Tell him I'll send Duke Edmund to the Tower;  
 And, Somerset, we will commit thee thither,  
 Until his army be dismiss'd from him. 40

SOM. My lord,  
 I'll yield myself to prison willingly,  
 Or unto death, to do my country good.

KING. In any case, be not too rough in terms;  
 For he is fierce and cannot brook hard language.

BUCK. I will, my lord; and doubt not so to deal  
 As all things shall redound unto your good.

KING. Come, wife, let's in, and learn to govern better;  
 For yet may England curse my wretched reign.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

heavily armed. See *Macb.*, I, ii, 12-13: "The merciless Macdonwald . . . from the western isles Of *kernes and gallowglasses* is supplied."

29 *arms*] armed bands. See note on III, i, 378, *supra*, and cf. V, i, 18 and 39, *infra*.

44 *rough in terms*] violent or vituperative in language.

THE SECOND PART OF ACT IV

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SCENE X—KENT

*IDEN'S GARDEN*

*Enter CADE*

CADE. Fie on ambition! fie on myself, that have a sword, and yet am ready to famish! These five days have I hid me in these woods and durst not peep out, for all the country is laid for me; but now am I so hungry that if I might have a lease of my life for a thousand years I could stay no longer. Wherefore, on a brick wall have I climbed into this garden, to see if I can eat grass, or pick a sallet another while, which is not amiss to cool a man's stomach this hot weather. And I think this word "sallet" was born to do me good: <sup>10</sup> for many a time, but for a sallet, my brain-pan had been cleft with a brown bill; and many a time, when I have been dry and bravely marching, it hath served me instead of a quart pot to drink in; and now the word "sallet" must serve me to feed on.

*Enter IDEN*

IDEN. Lord, who would live turmoiled in the court,  
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?  
This small inheritance my father left me  
Contenteth me, and worth a monarchy.

---

8 *sallet*] there is a quibble in the lines that follow on the two meanings of the word, *viz.*, "salad" and "helmet."

12 *brown bill*] battle-axe.

I seek not to wax great by others' waning, 20  
 Or gather wealth, I care not with what envy:  
 Sufficeth that I have maintains my state,  
 And sends the poor well pleased from my gate.

CADE. Here's the lord of the soil come to seize me  
 for a stray, for entering his fee-simple without leave.  
 Ah, villain, thou wilt betray me, and get a thousand  
 crowns of the king by carrying my head to him: but  
 I'll make thee eat iron like an ostrich, and swallow my  
 sword like a great pin, ere thou and I part.

IDEN. Why, rude companion, whatso'er thou be, 30  
 I know thee not; why then should I betray thee?  
 Is 't not enough to break into my garden,  
 And, like a thief, to come to rob my grounds,  
 Climbing my walls in spite of me the owner,  
 But thou wilt brave me with these saucy terms?

CADE. Brave thee! ay, by the best blood that ever  
 was broached, and beard thee too. Look on me well:  
 I have eat no meat these five days; yet, come thou and  
 thy five men, and if I do not leave you all as dead as a  
 door-nail, I pray God I may never eat grass more. 40

IDEN. Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while England  
 stands,  
 That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent,  
 Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man.  
 Oppose thy steadfast-gazing eyes to mine,  
 See if thou canst outface me with thy looks:  
 Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser;

20 *waning*] Pope's ingenious correction of the Folio misreading *warning*.

30 *companion*] fellow.

Thy hand is but a finger to my fist,  
 Thy leg a stick compared with this truncheon;  
 My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast;  
 And if mine arm be heaved in the air, 50  
 Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth.  
 As for words, whose greatness answers words,  
 Let this my sword report what speech forbears.

CADE. By my valour, the most complete champion  
 that ever I heard! Steel, if thou turn the edge, or cut  
 not out the burly-boned clown in chines of beef ere thou  
 sleep in thy sheath, I beseech God on my knees thou  
 mayst be turned to hobnails. [*Here they fight. Cade falls.*]

O, I am slain! famine and no other hath slain me:  
 let ten thousand devils come against me, and give me  
 but the ten meals I have lost, and I'd defy them all. 60  
 Wither, garden; and be henceforth a burying-place  
 to all that do dwell in this house, because the uncon-  
 quered soul of Cade is fled.

IDEN. Is 't Cade that I have slain, that monstrous  
 traitor?

Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,  
 And hang thee o'er my tomb when I am dead:  
 Ne'er shall this blood be wiped from thy point;

---

52-53 *As for words . . . forbears*] The general sense is, as in *3 Hen. VI*,  
 I, iv, 49-50: "I will not bandy with thee *word for word*, *But buckle*  
*with thee blows* twice two for one." Iden means that he will have no  
 more to do with mere words, the capacity of which, however great, is  
 only to be fitly measured by mere words. He prefers that his silent  
 sword shall proclaim the issue of the quarrel, with which his speech  
 declines to concern itself further.



---

But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat,  
To emblaze the honour that thy master got. 70

CADE. Iden, farewell, and be proud of thy victory.  
Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best man, and  
exhort all the world to be cowards; for I, that never  
feared any, am vanquished by famine, not by valour.

[*Dies.*

IDEN. How much thou wrong'st me, heaven be my  
judge.

Die, damned wretch, the curse of her that bare thee;  
And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,  
So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell.  
Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels  
Unto a dunghill which shall be thy grave, 80  
And there cut off thy most ungracious head;  
Which I will bear in triumph to the king,  
Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon. [Exit.



ACT FIFTH — SCENE I

*FIELDS BETWEEN DARTFORD AND BLACKHEATH*

*Enter YORK, and his army of Irish, with drum and colours*

YORK



FROM IRELAND THUS  
comes York to claim his right,  
And pluck the crown from feeble  
Henry's head:

Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bon-  
fires, clear and bright,  
To entertain great England's  
lawful king.

Ah! sancta majestas, who would  
not buy thee dear?

Let them obey that know not  
how to rule;

This hand was made to handle  
nought but gold.

I cannot give due action to my words,  
Except a sword or sceptre balance it:  
A sceptre shall it have, have I a soul,  
On which I'll toss the flower-de-luce of France.

10

SCENE I SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI

---

*Enter* BUCKINGHAM

Whom have we here? Buckingham, to disturb me?  
The king hath sent him, sure: I must dissemble.

BUCK. York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well.

YORK. Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy  
greeting.

Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?

BUCK. A messenger from Henry, our dread liege,  
To know the reason of these arms in peace;  
Or why thou, being a subject as I am,  
Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn, 20  
Should raise so great a power without his leave,  
Or dare to bring thy force so near the court.

YORK. [*Aside*] Scarce can I speak, my choler is so  
great:

O, I could hew up rocks and fight with flint,

I am so angry at these abject terms;

And now, like Ajax Telamonius,

On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury.

I am far better born than is the king,

More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts:

But I must make fair weather yet a while, 30

---

18 *these arms*] armed bands. See note on III, i, 378, *supra*, and cf. IV, ix, 29, *supra*, and line 39, *infra*.

26-27 *Ajax . . . fury*] Ovid, in *Metamorphoses*, Bk. XIII, tells how Ajax, son of Telamon, angry because the arms of the dead Achilles were awarded to Ulysses and not to himself, slew a flock of sheep, which he mistook in his madness for the sons of Atreus, who had made the award. In *Ant. and Cleop.*, IV, xiii, 2, Shakespeare calls Ajax "Telamon."

Till Henry be more weak and I more strong. —  
 Buckingham, I prithee, pardon me,  
 That I have given no answer all this while;  
 My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.  
 The cause why I have brought this army hither  
 Is to remove proud Somerset from the king,  
 Seditious to his grace and to the state.

BUCK. That is too much presumption on thy part:  
 But if thy arms be to no other end,  
 The king hath yielded unto thy demand: 40  
 The Duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

YORK. Upon thine honour, is he prisoner?

BUCK. Upon mine honour, he is prisoner.

YORK. Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my powers.  
 Soldiers, I thank you all; disperse yourselves;  
 Meet me to-morrow in Saint George's field,  
 You shall have pay and every thing you wish.  
 And let my sovereign, virtuous Henry,  
 Command my eldest son, nay, all my sons,  
 As pledges of my fealty and love; 50  
 I'll send them all as willing as I live:  
 Lands, goods, horse, armour, any thing I have,  
 Is his to use, so Somerset may die.

BUCK. York, I commend this kind submission:  
 We twain will go into his highness' tent.

---

39 *arms*] See note on line 18, *supra*.

46 *Saint George's field*] The muster or parade ground — in Southwark  
 — of the London soldiery. It is mentioned again in *2 Hen. IV*,  
 III, ii, 190.

51 *as willing as I live*] with all the pleasure in life.

*Enter KING and Attendants*

KING. Buckingham, doth York intend no harm to us,  
That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm?

YORK. In all submission and humility  
York doth present himself unto your highness.

KING. Then what intends these forces thou dost  
bring? 60

YORK. To heave the traitor Somerset from hence,  
And fight against that monstrous rebel Cade,  
Who since I heard to be discomfited.

*Enter IDEN, with CADE'S head*

IDEN. If one so rude and of so mean condition  
May pass into the presence of a king,  
Lo, I present your grace a traitor's head,  
The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.

KING. The head of Cade! Great God, how just art  
Thou!

O, let me view his visage, being dead,  
That living wrought me such exceeding trouble. 70  
Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew him?

IDEN. I was, an 't like your majesty.

KING. How art thou call'd? and what is thy degree?

IDEN. Alexander Iden, that's my name;  
A poor esquire of Kent, that loves his king.

BUCK. So please it you, my lord, 't were not amiss  
He were created knight for his good service.

KING. Iden, kneel down. [*He kneels.*] Rise up a knight.  
We give thee for reward a thousand marks,  
And will that thou henceforth attend on us. 80

IDEN. May Iden live to merit such a bounty,  
And never live but true unto his liege! [Rises.]

*Enter QUEEN and SOMERSET*

KING. See, Buckingham, Somerset comes with the  
queen:

Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.

QUEEN. For thousand Yorks he shall not hide his  
head,

But boldly stand and front him to his face.

YORK. How now! is Somerset at liberty?  
Then, York, unloose thy long-imprison'd thoughts,  
And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.  
Shall I endure the sight of Somerset? 90  
False king! why hast thou broken faith with me,  
Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse?  
King did I call thee? no, thou art not king,  
Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,  
Which darest not, no, nor canst not rule a traitor.  
That head of thine doth not become a crown;  
Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,  
And not to grace an awful princely sceptre.  
That gold must round engirt these brows of mine,  
Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear, 100

97 *a palmer's staff*] a pilgrim's staff; a symbol of ultra-piety.

98 *awful*] causing awe, reverend.

100 *Achilles' spear*] A post-Homeric tradition that the touch of Achilles' spear could cure the wounds it inflicted is often noticed by Ovid. Cf. *Metamorphoses*, XIII, 171-172. Robert Greene, in his *Orlando Furioso* (1599), lines 516-518, gives the same account of the capacities of Achilles' spear.

Is able with the change to kill and cure.  
 Here is a hand to hold a sceptre up,  
 And with the same to act controlling laws.  
 Give place: by heaven, thou shalt rule no more  
 O'er him whom heaven created for thy ruler.

SOM. O monstrous traitor! I arrest thee, York,  
 Of capital treason 'gainst the king and crown:  
 Obey, audacious traitor; kneel for grace.

YORK. Wouldst have me kneel? first let me ask of  
 these,

If they can brook I bow a knee to man. 110

Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail: [*Exit Attendant.*]

I know, ere they will have me go to ward,  
 They'll pawn their swords for my enfranchisement.

QUEEN. Call hither Clifford; bid him come amain,  
 To say if that the bastard boys of York  
 Shall be the surety for their traitor father.

[*Exit Buckingham.*]

YORK. O blood-bespotted Neapolitan,  
 Outcast of Naples, England's bloody scourge!  
 The sons of York, thy betters in their birth,  
 Shall be their father's bail; and bane to those 120  
 That for my surety will refuse the boys!

101 *with the change*] *i. e.*, from frown to smile.

103 *act controlling laws*] put into force coercive laws.

109 *these*] York appeals either to his troops or to his sons, whom he summons two lines below.

112 *ward*] gaol, prison.

117 *Neapolitan*] Queen Margaret's father, René, Duke of Anjou, claimed the throne of Naples which his father had occupied, but he never succeeded in asserting his claim to that kingdom.

THE SECOND PART OF ACT V

---

*Enter EDWARD and RICHARD*

See where they come: I'll warrant they'll make it good.

*Enter CLIFFORD and his Son*

QUEEN. And here comes Clifford to deny their bail.

CLIF. Health and all happiness to my lord the king!

[*Kneels.*]

YORK. I thank thee, Clifford: say, what news with thee?

Nay, do not fright us with an angry look:  
We are thy sovereign, Clifford, kneel again;  
For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.

CLIF. This is my king, York, I do not mistake;  
But thou mistakest me much to think I do:  
To Bedlam with him! is the man grown mad?

130

KING. Ay, Clifford; a bedlam and ambitious humour  
Makes him oppose himself against his king.

CLIF. He is a traitor; let him to the Tower,  
And chop away that factious pate of his.

QUEEN. He is arrested, but will not obey;  
His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.

YORK. Will you not, sons?

EDW. Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.

---

131 *Bedlam*] The popular name of Bethlehem Hospital for the insane in Bishopsgate ward in the city of London. Originally founded in 1246, it still survives, though it has been removed to Lambeth; "bedlam" (line 132) was commonly used as an adjective meaning "mad."

137 *His sons*] York's sons were, according to historic fact, mere children at the date of these events. The eldest, Edward, was just thirteen, and Richard, the fourth and youngest, was well under three.



RICH. And if words will not, then our weapons shall.

CLIF. Why, what a brood of traitors have we here! <sup>141</sup>

YORK. Look in a glass, and call thy image so:

I am thy king, and thou a false-heart traitor.

Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,

That with the very shaking of their chains

They may astonish these fell-lurking curs:

Bid Salisbury and Warwick come to me.

*Enter the EARLS OF WARWICK and SALISBURY*

CLIF. Are these thy bears? we'll bait thy bears to death,

And manacle the bear-ward in their chains,

If thou darest bring them to the baiting place. <sup>150</sup>

RICH. Oft have I seen a hot o'erweening cur

Run back and bite, because he was withheld;

Who, being suffer'd with the bear's fell paw,

Hath clapp'd his tail between his legs and cried:

And such a piece of service will you do,

If you oppose yourselves to match Lord Warwick.

CLIF. Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,

As crooked in thy manners as thy shape!

146 *astonish . . . curs*] terrorise these curs, who are at once cruel and treacherous.

149 *bear-ward*] Pope's change for the First Folio reading *Berard*. Cf. line 210, *infra*. "Bear-ward" is commonly used by Elizabethan writers for "bear-keeper."

153 *being suffer'd with*] being allowed to have his way with, being suffered to approach.

158 *As crooked . . . thy shape*] According to Sir Walter Raleigh, the Earl of Essex deliberately insulted Queen Elizabeth by telling her

THE SECOND PART OF ACT V

YORK. Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon.

CLIF. Take heed, lest by your heat you burn yourselves. 160

KING. Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to bow?  
Old Salisbury, shame to thy silver hair,  
Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sick son!  
What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,  
And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?  
O, where is faith? O, where is loyalty?  
If it be banish'd from the frosty head,  
Where shall it find a harbour in the earth?  
Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,  
And shame thine honourable age with blood? 170  
Why art thou old, and want'st experience?  
Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?  
For shame! in duty bend thy knee to me,  
That bows unto the grave with mickle age.

SAL. My lord, I have consider'd with myself  
The title of this most renowned duke;  
And in my conscience do repute his grace  
The rightful heir to England's royal seat.

KING. Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?

---

at a council meeting in 1598 that "her conditions were as crooked as her carcass," a speech which the queen rewarded by boxing the Earl's ears. Cf. *Tempest*, V, i, 290-291: "as disproportion'd in his manners As in his shape."

165 *seek . . . spectacles*] apply your failing sight to finding out matter for grief.

169 *to find out war*] by finding out war, by stirring up strife. The infinitive is here used gerundively.

174 *with mickle age*] with the weight of great age.

SAL. I have.

180

KING. Canst thou dispense with heaven for such an oath?

SAL. It is great sin to swear unto a sin,  
But greater sin to keep a sinful oath.

Who can be bound by any solemn vow  
To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,  
To force a spotless virgin's chastity,  
To reave the orphan of his patrimony,  
To wring the widow from her custom'd right,  
And have no other reason for this wrong  
But that he was bound by a solemn oath?

190

QUEEN. A subtle traitor needs no sophister.

KING. Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.

YORK. Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast,

I am resolved for death or dignity.

CLIF. The first I warrant thee, if dreams prove true.

WAR. You were best to go to bed and dream again,  
To keep thee from the tempest of the field.

CLIF. I am resolved to bear a greater storm  
Than any thou canst conjure up to-day;  
And that I'll write upon thy burgonet,  
Might I but know thee by thy household badge.

200

181 *dispense with*] get a dispensation from heaven, square heaven, arrange to get off divine punishment.

200 *burgonet*] a close-fitting helmet or steel cap, said to have been invented by the Burgundians.

201 *household*] The First Folio reads *housed*. Malone restored *household* from the Quartos.

THE SECOND PART OF ACT V

WAR. Now, by my father's badge, old Nevil's crest,  
The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff,  
This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet,  
As on a mountain top the cedar shows  
That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm,  
Even to affright thee with the view thereof.

CLIF. And from thy burgonet I'll rend thy bear,  
And tread it under foot with all contempt,  
Despite the bear-ward that protects the bear. 210

Y. CLIF. And so to arms, victorious father,  
To quell the rebels and their complices.

RICH. Fie! charity, for shame! speak not in spite,  
For you shall sup with Jesu Christ to-night.

Y. CLIF. Foul stigmatic, that's more than thou  
canst tell.

RICH. If not in heaven, you'll surely sup in hell.  
*[Exeunt severally.]*

SCENE II — SAINT ALBAN'S

*Alarums to the battle. Enter WARWICK*

WAR. Clifford of Cumberland, 't is Warwick calls:  
And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,  
Now, when the angry trumpet sounds alarum,  
And dead men's cries do fill the empty air,

---

210 *bear-ward*] See line 149, *supra*, and note.

215 *stigmatic*] one marked with the stigma of deformity. Strictly the word is applied to a criminal branded by a hot iron with a stigma.

Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me:  
Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,  
Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

*Enter YORK*

How now, my noble lord! what, all a-foot?

YORK. The deadly-handed Clifford slew my steed,  
But match to match I have encounter'd him, 10  
And made a prey for carrion kites and crows  
Even of the bonny beast he loved so well.

*Enter CLIFFORD*

WAR. Of one or both of us the time is come.

YORK. Hold, Warwick, seek thee out some other  
chase,

For I myself must hunt this deer to death.

WAR. Then, nobly, York; 't is for a crown thou  
fight'st.

As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,

It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd. [*Exit.*]

CLIF. What seest thou in me, York? why dost thou  
pause?

YORK. With thy brave bearing should I be in love, 20  
But that thou art so fast mine enemy.

CLIF. Nor should thy prowess want praise and  
esteem

But that 't is shown ignobly and in treason.

YORK. So let it help me now against thy sword,  
As I in justice and true right express it.



Knit earth and heaven together!  
 Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,  
 Particularities and petty sounds  
 To cease! Wast thou ordain'd, dear father,  
 To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve  
 The silver livery of advised age,  
 And, in thy reverence and thy chair-days, thus  
 To die in ruffian battle? Even at this sight  
 My heart is turn'd to stone: and while 't is mine, 50  
 It shall be stony. York not our old men spares;  
 No more will I their babes: tears virginal  
 Shall be to me even as the dew to fire,  
 And beauty that the tyrant oft reclaims  
 Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.  
 Henceforth I will not have to do with pity:  
 Meet I an infant of the house of York,  
 Into as many gobbets will I cut it  
 As wild Medea young Absyrtus did:  
 In cruelty will I seek out my fame. 60  
 Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house:  
 As did Æneas old Anchises bear,  
 So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders;

47 *advised age*] wise experience.

48 *in thy reverence*] in the period of life which entitles you to reverence.  
*chair-days*] Cf. *1 Hen. VI*, IV, v, 5, and note.

58 *gobbets*] fragments. See note on IV, i, 85, *supra*.

59 *Medea*] The story that Medea, when fleeing from Colchos with Jason, murdered her young brother Absyrtus and hacked his body into pieces, so as to delay her father's pursuit of her, is told by Ovid in *Tristia*, III, Elegy 9.

THE SECOND PART OF ACT V

But then Æneas bare a living load,  
Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine.

*[Exit, bearing off his father.]*

*Enter RICHARD and SOMERSET to fight. SOMERSET is killed*

RICH. So, lie thou there;  
For underneath an alehouse' paltry sign,  
The Castle in Saint Alban's, Somerset  
Hath made the wizard famous in his death.  
Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful still: 70  
Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill. *[Exit.]*

*Fight. Excursions. Enter KING, QUEEN, and others*

QUEEN. Away, my lord! you are slow; for shame,  
away!

KING. Can we outrun the heavens? good Margaret,  
stay.

QUEEN. What are you made of? you'll nor fight nor  
fly:

Now is it manhood, wisdom and defence,  
To give the enemy way, and to secure us  
By what we can, which can no more but fly.

*[Alarum afar off.]*

If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom  
Of all our fortunes: but if we haply scape,  
As well we may, if not through your neglect, 80

---

69 *the wizard famous in his death*] a reference to the spirit's prediction about Somerset, I, iv, 34 *seq.* and 66 *seq.*: "Let him shun castles," etc. Somerset is slain before an alehouse bearing the sign of "The Castle."



We shall to London get, where you are loved,  
And where this breach now in our fortunes made  
May readily be stopp'd.

*Re-enter young CLIFFORD*

Y. CLIF. But that my heart 's on future mischief  
set,  
I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly:  
But fly you must; uncurable discomfit  
Reigns in the hearts of all our present parts.  
Away, for your relief! and we will live  
To see their day and them our fortune give:  
Away, my lord, away!

[*Exeunt.* 90

SCENE III — FIELDS NEAR SAINT ALBAN'S

*Alarum. Retreat. Enter YORK, RICHARD, WARWICK, and  
Soldiers, with drum and colours*

YORK. Of Salisbury, who can report of him,  
That winter lion, who in rage forgets  
Aged contusions and all brush of time,  
And, like a gallant in the brow of youth,

86 *uncurable discomfit*] irremediable discomfiture, irretrievable disaster.

87 *parts*] party. Cf. line 35, *supra*: "our *part*." This is the Folio reading. Dyce substituted *part*.

3 *Aged . . . time*] The contusions or injuries of age and the rub of time.

4 *brow*] height, full flush, as of the brow of a hill. Cf. *K. John*, V, vi, 17:  
"in the black *brow* of night."

THE SECOND PART OF ACT V

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Repairs him with occasion? This happy day  
Is not itself, nor have we won one foot,  
If Salisbury be lost.

RICH. My noble father,  
Three times to-day I help him to his horse,  
Three times bestrid him; thrice I led him off,  
Persuaded him from any further act: 10  
But still, where danger was, still there I met him;  
And like rich hangings in a homely house,  
So was his will in his old feeble body.  
But, noble as he is, look where he comes.

*Enter SALISBURY*

SAL. Now, by my sword, well hast thou fought  
to-day;  
By the mass, so did we all. I thank you, Richard:  
God knows how long it is I have to live;  
And it hath pleased him that three times to-day  
You have defended me from imminent death.  
Well, lords, we have not got that which we have: 20  
'T is not enough our foes are this time fled,  
Being opposites of such repairing nature.  
YORK. I know our safety is to follow them;  
For, as I hear, the king is fled to London,  
To call a present court of parliament.

9 *bestrid him*] stood over him when he had fallen, and so protected him.

Cf. *1 Hen. IV*, V, i, 121-122: "if thou see me down in the battle,  
and *bestride* me, so; 't is a point of friendship."

20 *we . . . have*] we have not secured what we have won.

22 *opposites . . . nature*] foes of such recuperative power.

---

Let us pursue him ere the writs go forth.

What says Lord Warwick? shall we after them?

WAR. After them! nay, before them, if we can.

Now, by my faith, lords, 't was a glorious day:

Saint Alban's battle won by famous York 30

Shall be eternized in all age to come.

Sound drums and trumpets, and to London all:

And more such days as these to us befall! [*Exeunt.*]

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29 [*faith*] Malone restored this word from the Quartos in place of the Folio reading *hand*.



















